THE FREEMAN

A NATIONAL COLORED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

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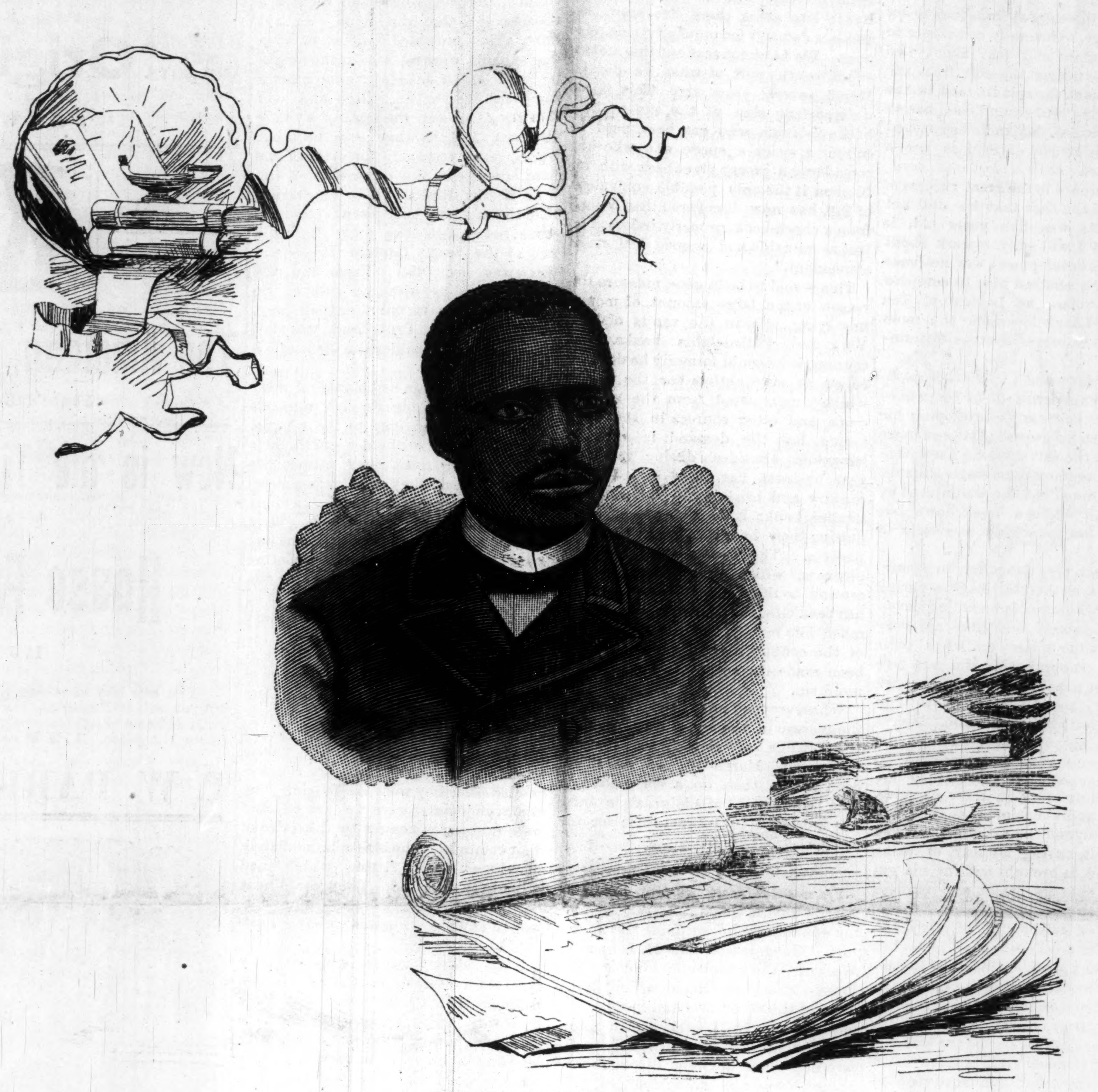


REV. F. M. HAMILTON,
Editor of the Christian Index, Jackson, Tenn.

REV. F. M. HAMILTON.

Editor and Author--Eventful Career of an Influential Young Churchman.

Prepared for The Freeman.

Rev. F. M. Hamilton was born near Washington, Ark., Sept. 3d, 1858. He is a son of Albert and Elizabeth Hamilton, of Hemstead county, Ark. When a youth he exhibited a craving for books. His parents discovering this commendable trait started him on to success. He studied in the public and subscription schools of the State. Having obtained all that could be secured in such schools, he next resorted to private instructions and thus laid the foundation of a more liberal education.

He professed religion at the age oi seventeen and shortly afterward joined the Colored M. E. Church in America.

He served as secretary at the various conferences of the Church in his native State. He studied Theology sixteen months at the Theological Institute in Tuscaloosa, Ala. Licensed to preach Nov. 9th, 1878, and the 28th day of the same month was admitted on trial into the traveling connection by the Arkansas Conference of the C. M. E. Church at Little Rock, Ark.

He labored in the bounds of his native Conference fifteen months, was ordained to the office of deacon by Rev. Bishop W. H. Miles at Searcy, Ark. Nov. 30, 1879. He was active in all of the enterprises of the Church, and though his beardless face was a drawback to him, he endeavored to do his duty, as God gave him to see and feel the same. March, 1880, he was transferr- [illegible] Ala. Conference of sa[illegible] and stationed at Tuscaloosa and North Port stations, and was admitted into full connection at Courtland, Ala., Dec. 1880. After nearly two years of successful Church work in Alabama, he was transferred by Bishop W. H. Miles to the Virginia Conference Sept. 1881, and ordained to the office of an Elder at Richmond by Bishop Miles, Sept. 25, 1881, and appointed Presiding Elder of the Washington (D. C.) District, a District noted for the intelligence of its people.

He was married to Miss Katie E. Brown, niece of Professor S. G. Brown, of Washingten, D. C., Oct. 25, '83, and lived happily together until her demise, Feb. 5, '87. He served as Presiding Elder of the Washington, (D. C.) District nearly five years. He was elected delegate to the General Conference which met in Augusta, Ga., May, 1886, and was by the unanimous vote of the delegation, chosen secretary of that august body.

At this Conference he was elected Editor of the Christian Index and Book Agent of the C. M. E. Church. Was a delegate to the Centennial Conference of Methodism which met in Baltimore, Dec., 1884. He studied medicine at Howard University two years, and would have graduated with the class of 1887, were it not for giving up the study of Medicine to accept the position which he now occupies.

As "General Officer" of the Church he is next in rank to the Bishops, being Editor and Manager of the Publishing Department of the Church. He was also author of two books, viz.. "Conversation on the C. M. E. Church," and a "Plain Account of the C. M. E. Church." It can be said of this young churchman, "ad astra peraspera." The career of such a man should inspire the young men and women of the race.

E. W. MOSELY.

Jackson, Tenn.

HUSTON, TEXAS, NOTES.

Huston, Tex., Special.

We have two colored doctors: Dr. F. R. Fhoby, Dr. E. B. Bamsey. Also two colored policemen: Mose Moss and Ike Hayden; one city scavenger, Sam Lenard. The colored men who own and control their own business are Edward Burton, J. W. Misher, J. W. Watson, W. H. Hubert, Sam Wilson, Paul Morgan, Joe Foster, Mace Williams, barber shops. Brown Bell, John Covington, S. A. Solomon, Nathan James, Robert Edwards and H. Sims, groceries. M. A. Baker is the only colored real estate agent in Houston and he is a hustler. There are four saloon keepers: Chas. Smalley, Lewis Williams, Harry Quilllan and William Davis.

Judge Cleveland, of the criminal district court, in his charge to the grand jury this week, criticised the actions of past grand jurors for inditing colored men for gambling and not inditing white men. He said the law should be carried out against white as well as colored.

Citizens, we like Judge Cleveland. We think he ought to advise the court that colored men have a right to sit on the jury in his court, as citizens and tax payers.

Henry Clay, a colored barber, will be tried for the murder of his wife on the 23d day of April.

LOCKET.

KANSAS GLEANINGS.

Mr. Waller's Candidacy for the Haytian Mission--An Oklahoma Boom --Paragraphs.

Topeka, Kas., special.

The American Citizen of this city says that:

The Topeka correspondent to The Indianapolis "Freeman" seems to be at special pains to have the world know that the leading white papers of the West have in unstinted terms of praise announced to President Harrison and all concerned, that Hon. J. L. Waller is a candidate for the Haytian mission. Paul you are making a serious mistake.

The above shows the spirit and animus of the opposition of the Citizen to the candidacy of Mr. Waller for the Haytian mission. The Freeman correspondent said nothing about "white papers" supporting Mr. Waller, nor did he have anything of the kind in his mind when he wrote about the very general support which Mr. Waller is receiving from the press. We had before us at the time of writing the "misstated and garbled" article, marked copies of the papers therein mentioned. These papers had been marked and sent to Mr. Waller. Now what "serious mistake" have we made in naming these papers? If our article had been false then the Citizen could have had grounds of complaint, otherwise their dig or thrust at Mr. Waller falls to the ground.

A Colored Y. M. C. A. is to be organized in this city. We do not favor separate religious associations. There is an organization of that kind here and there should be no color line drawn, especially by the young men of color.

I desire to call attention of two errors in last week's issue of The Freeman, to wit: The Loan Association of colored men, consisting of Messrs. G. W. Bell, O. A. Harris, B. K. Bruce, Wm. McKee, J. D. Hill and John A. Moore which was accredited to Washington, D. C., was organized and is operated in Leavenworth, Kas. Wm. Harris instead of W. Hunt is a prospereus business man of this city. We have quite a number of business men in this city of whom I will speak in the near future.

Several of the prominent colored men here have formed a joint stock company and will begin operating a business in a short time. This is a good move in the right direction, but remember, gentlemen, without perfect harmony you can not succeed.

The Washington correspondent to the American Citizen, who is supposed to be ex-Auditor E. P. McCabe, is authority for the statement that President Harrison and Secretary of State James G. Blaine are not on the best of terms, and that the resignation of Blaine at an early date would not be a surprise. Snch a state of affairs may exist but it would seem strange that it would not reach other ears than the Citizen correspondent.

A colored Real Estate and Homestead Company has been organized in this State, and will locate in Oklahoma, I. T., with Chas. McDowell, Pres., and D. B. Garrett, Sec.

Quite a number of colored persons, among them several young men, in this vicinity are talking of going to Oklahoma, I. T., to take up claims. This is an excellent move and should be encouraged, and it would be well for the young men to take advantage of the opportunity. "Go west and grow up with the country." But in order to secure any land it will be necessary to start early. If you are going do not put it off until it is too late.

P. H. BRAY.

A NEW CANDIDATE FOR HISTRIONIC HONORS.

Unless all signs fail, Indianapolis is destined to have a colored dramatic company which will compare favorably with some of the best amateur companies now on the road. Mr. C. S. Turner, whose portrait appears in this issue of The Freeman, is a young man of considerable dramatic ability, as is shown in his new drama entitled "Past the Age," or "A Millien in Gold." A company has been formed composed of some of our most talented young people, who are daily rehearsing. The drama will be first brought before the public about the 10th and 11th of May next, at the Grand Opera House, in this city. The following artists are members of the company: Mr. T. Timothy Tyler and Miss Lulu Haddox as the leading characters, supported by Miss Mary Smith, Bettie Mosby and Messrs. Wm. Roundtree, Wm, Turner, Oliver Stokes, Richard Gilchrist, J. H. Fiedler and C. S. Turner the author of the play.

MEMPHIS NOTES.

Rev. R. N. Countee, of the Memphis Baptist University, left on the 10th inst., for Chicago, Ill., on school business.

Miss Josie Beebe, of Washington, N. C., daughter of Rt. Rev. Bishop J. A. Beebe, of the C. M. E. Church, spent several days here. Miss Beebe is on her way to Arkansas, to accept a position in Haygood Seminary, Washington, Ark. While here she was the guest of Mrs. Jas. K. Daniel, No. 4 Dnpree street.

Mr. John N. Daniels is the authorized agent and correspondent for The Freeman. All matters transacted through him will be honored by the publisher of The Freeman.

THE ARKANSAS NEWS.

Fort Smith, Ark., Special.

One of the curious attractions that is now in this city is a dog as a witness in a murder trial, now going on in the U. S. Court here. He is confined in jail for safe keeping.

Geo. Waldron well known as the man killer, has hung 60 odd men here in the U. S. Court yard. He will have several more to contend with soon.

Jack Sprangle charged with the murder of Deputy U. S. Marshal Wm, Irvin, is defended by Cols. Marcum and Boudinott.

Hon. S. H. Scott, the talented colored lawyer contemplates going to Oklahoma.

Hon. James K. Barnes, (Rep.) candidate for Mayor was defeated in the recent election by Daniel Baker.

The Freeman is highly spoken of here by such men as General Wheeler, W. H. H. Clayton and Hon. S. H. Scott.

Hon. Samuel Williams is a candidate date for postmaster here. Mr. Williams is a gentleman of no mean degree, and we hope Brother Harrison will recognize him.

Mr. Joseph Shelby, one of Arkanas' promising young men will begin a lecture tour throughout the State. Subject: "Man's intellect."

Because of his honesty and fidelity to his people, Mr. B. F. Kane, a young man twenty-one years old, was called upon the U. S. Jury.

J. GRANT WHITING.

The musical people of St. Louis now are preparing for a Grand May Musical Carnival under the management of Mr. L. L. Pugsley, late of Nashville, Tenn. It will take place at the exposition building May 1, 1889.

OUR JOURNALIST AND LITERARY FOLKS.

The Golden Epoch, of Fort Smith, Ark., has ceased to be.

J. W. Cromwell, of the People's Advocate, Washington, D. C., is said to be a good lawyer.

"Thoughts in Verse," is the title of a volume of poems just issued by Rev. Geo. C. Rowe of Augusta, Ga.

The Baptist Vanguard: "In this age of freedom every Negro should be a King even if has to rent his throne."

Miss Mamie Thompson, of Memphis, Tenn., is a composer of several ballads, the most prominent being "Fond Memories."

J. W. Marlow, editor of the People's Choice, Macon, Ga., has been reappointed to the R. M. S., and assigned to duty between Macon and Savannah.

The Missouri Citizen, of St. Louis, is but seven monts old and yet it is the only newspaper of that city published consecutively for that length of time.

The Baptist Leader, of Montgomery, Ala., is developing into a most excellent journal. Its editorial on "A back yard fight over the government pie," was a master piece.

The Boston Advocate, the only colored newspaper of the "Hub" has joined the "innumerable caravan." The "delinquent subscribers" were too numerous—hence, the demise.

The best way to know men, is to have dealings with them, says Brother Optic. This is the God's truth. The Freeman would be a few hundred dollars better off had it not dealt with some of our "prominent leaders," "statesmen" and "inventors."

The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial School, at Tuskegee, Ala., of which Booker T. Washington is principal, has in process of erection a stable which, when completed, will be the largest and most convenient in the State of Alabama.—Christian Register.

The Star of Zion: "One of the things our race needs to develop is character. Without it we can never rise to the height attained by those who develop it. Education and character will gain for us what all else without it would prove fruitless in seeking to secure.

The Freeman is preparing an "artotype group" of the colored editors of the country, and would advise those editors who have not sent in their photos and sketches to do so at once. It will be elaborate and handsomely finished and every one who fails to get in will regret it when it is too late.

It is the province of a newspaper to lie, villify, slander and sling mud "to its heart's content," but it is not the purpose of The Freeman to engage in this dirty, disreputable work. It is The Freeman's mission to improve, to elevate and to purify, if possible the standard of Negro journalism. and to attain this end we have avoided "mud slinging" and the petty controversies which characterize so many colored newspapers. The average newspaper reader cares nothing about the personal difference of editors, and the editor who debases the profession by filling his columns with fabrications and the vaporing of his spleen and jealously, should be "spotted" by the reputable men of the profession. The Negro is the most oppressed of any people on this great continent; and the press—our great motive power—should be used in breaking down this oppression. The Freeman has neither the time nor the inclination to reply to the many false accusations made against it by jealous and unprincipled rivals. We propose to continue to publish the best Negro newspaper in America, and while some of our contemporaries are giving vent to their spleen, thus proving their inability and unfitness to run a newspaper we shall strive to show the people of this country that the Negro is the peer of the Caucasian in the conduct and management of a newspaper.

THE FREEMAN.
A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED COLORED NEWSPAPER
EDWARD E. COOPER, PROPRIETOR

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

Indianapolis, - - Ind.

A REPORT comes from Germany that the Government is likely to invite France and England to co-operate in a movement to suppress the liquor traffic on the west coast of Africa. This news will be heard with concern by some rum manufacturers in our own country. It may not be generally known that the great Centre of Culture contributes about all the liquor from our land which is poured down the throats of native Africans. It is said that one firm within five miles of the Massachusetts State House has a contract to supply 3,000 gallons of rum a day for seven years for the African trade. This thriving business is doubtless a source of great satisfaction to the makers of trade rum, but we see another aspect of the case in such piteous appeals as that of Chief Khama, who, in his recent request for protection against the liquor sellers, said: "I dread the white man's drink more than all the assegais of my enemies."

ONE argument that Stanley urged in favor of the Congo route to Albert Nyanza was that by this route he would be able to transport his goods on steamers as far as Yambuga, and would then have a land march of only 410 miles to the lake. As it turns out, however, by the time he got his boat and all the goods he had saved from his various misfortunes to the lake, his carriers had travelled a distance of about 1,470 miles, which, added to the journey of 235 miles along the Congo cataracts, makes the total land march about 1,705 miles. In other words, his overland journey was about 500 miles longer than it would have been had he made an uninterrupted march from Zanzibar through Masailand, the route that was favored by almost every explorer except Stanley himself. Hindsight is apt to be more accurate than foresight, but from the first it has been thought by some of the best authorities that Stanley made a mistake in his choice of route.—New York Sun.

THE CONGRESS OF NATIONS.

All the Central American States and Several Others Will Be Represented.

The delegates appointed to the Congress of American Nations will meet in Washington very shortly to perfect an organization and look over the ground. The success of the congress will depend largely upon the number of nations that accept. The last administration was not in sympathy with the movement, and did little or nothing to promote interest in it. Mr. Bayard sent formal invitations to the several nations invited to participate, but did not make any attempt to arouse enthusiasm or give the affair any more than ordinary attention. For that reason the South American republics have held off to see what would happen, but now that it is known that Mr. Blaine intends to make this congress the feature of his foreign policy, it is expected that more interest will be shown. All of the Central American republics, Venezuela, the Argentine Republic, Uruguay and Paraguay have formally accepted. Brazil and Mexico have indicated their intention to accept. Nothing has been heard from Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia or Chili. Colombia and Bolivia are in a state of political confusion, and it is doubtful whether any representative will appear here from Bolivia, and Colombia will probably not send other than the minister resident, Mr. Hurtado Peru is bankrupt and would scarcely be able to pay commissioners if she desired to send them. Ecuador is probably waiting to see what Chili will do. The latter nation has consistently opposed any gathering of its neighbors or any attempt on their part to enter into political alliances. The well-known purpose of Chili to obtain political control of the entire west coast makes her hostile to such a congress as is proposed, as well as to any other measures looking toward a settlement of international difficulties by arbitration.

How Corporal Tanner Is Maimed.

Albany Times.

It is a general misstatement on the part of various journals that Corporal Tanner, the newly appointed Commissioner of Pensions, lost both legs in the war. Corporal Tanner lost both feet. His legs are intact above the ankle. But his sufferings are still acute. He is a regular attendant during the summer at Round Lake, and his misery there, resulting from his ancient wounds, has been illustrated by nights of moaning. It is torture to him to stand or walk. There is no patent relief for him, as there is for a lost leg, for there is no leverage by which a patent foot can be strapped as a leg may. But with all this torture upon him, the Corporal has continued all through to be an active and a pushing man.

HORSE BREEDING AT PALO ALTO.

Senator Stanford Says What He Knows.

Turf, Field and Farm.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter in which you ask me certain questions relating to horse breeding.

I do not pretend to have thoroughly mastered the breeding problem, but I will give you my ideas as they occur to me because you have asked for them, and not that I presume to be an instructor where many have had so much greater experience than I have.

First, as regards the temperature on my Palo Alto farm, in rare instances it has been as low as 10 degrees below freezing point, but the thermometer does not often fall to 30 degrees. It has been known to rise as high as 100 degrees, but very rarely. I have not the data at hand to give you the mean temperature.

We wean the colts at from four to six months of age. Generally commence to take up the mare and foal about two weeks before taking the colt from the mare, and teach the colt to feed in the manger, giving him ground oats, barley and corn steamed. Majendie has proved that a single article of food is not a sufficient diet.

Your reference to the great success of Eclipse, and the fact that he did not race until he was five years old, is noticed, and I will only remark about him that his development was not such as would have enabled him to compete with such horses as Lexington, Ten Broeck and Longfellow under the more modern and improved system of training.

My own idea—and I think it is justified by my experience—is to commence working the colt early, developing his strength with his growth. If the exercise is judicious the colt takes no harm from it. I do not remember a single instance where an animal of mine was injured by early work. When a break down has occurred it has invariably been after a let up.

Let ups are very dangerous to young, fast animals, as their bodies grow during the let up without corresponding development of strength, and they are very liable to get too much work when their exercise is renewed. My aim is to give the greatest possible amount of exercise without fatigue, and never allow it to reach the period of exhaustion. This is secured by short distance exercise. It is the supreme effort that developes. If colts are never overworked, they are always willing to try in their exercise, having no apprehension that they will be forced beyond their comfort. When a young colt, having no fear of being overworked, is brought out for his exercise, his eyes are bright and express the expectation of having a good time.

I have box stalls for all of my stock. In character most of them are like box stalls under a shed. I endeavor to have sheds for the colts facing the sunshine.

We feed our stock with hay, abundance of carrots, barley, oats, a little corn. Work horses are fed the same. I think that steamed grain is more digestible thanany other, and more economical where there is enough stock to justify the outlay.

We usually work our colts as yearlings but some of them as weanlings. We accustom the colt to the gentle use of the harness so that he becomes educated to bear it without ever having a quarrel.

I believe a careful and wise system of breeding will double the value of the average herse, the rule to govern being that like will produce like.

Yours truly, LELAND STANFORD.

How They Got Rid of the Hole.

Before the plaza that is in the midst of the town of Lagos, Mex., was set in order, as it now is, there was in the middle of it a deep and wide hole. And this hole caused the Town Council much concern, for they perceived that it was a dangerous place into which the unwary might fall in the dark and be killed or maimed. So a meeting of the Council was called, and it was decided that the hole should be filled. And to get earth to fill it a hole was dug beside it. And behold, when it was full there was a new hole as deep and as wide as that which was filled! Then in the same way did they set about filling the new hole; and again was the same result, only now the hole no longer was in the middle of the plaza, but over at the side of it in the street that goes out toward the north. And again they filled it; and so continued until at last the hole was far out in the northern suburb of the town. And there they suffered the hole to remain.

Maud S. the Queen of all Trotters.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the press, and is quoted in the catalogues of some of the stock farms, attributing to Mr. Robert Bonner the remark: "Being the owner of Maud S. I am free to speak, and say that Lucy Cuyler is the fastest trotter in the world."

Mr. Bonner's attention was called to this statement and he replied:

"I never said that Lucy Cuyler was the fastest trotter in the world. I have said that she has been timed half a mile to top wagon in 1:05, and a full mile to skeleton wagon in 2:15½, and that she had as much speed for a brush as any trotter in the world; but neither she nor any other trotter that I have ever seen could trot a quarter, a half, or a full mile as fast as Maud S."

IDLE MONEY IN THE BANKS.

Farmers Learning the Convenience of Checks Do Not Demand Currency.

Philadelphia Record.

"Farmers and rural merchants in this part of the country are gradually becoming educated to modern business methods," said a prominent bank cashier yesterday. "They no longer demand that their payments be made in cash, but are learning that checks are worth every bit as much. April 1 is the great 'settling-up' day throughout the State, and Philadelphia banks have been in the habit of sending out in the latter part of March great bundles of currency to be paid out over rural counters. In April this money has generally found its way back into our vaults. The rustics have drawn their money and paid their bills; it has been again invested, and so returns to us. But in late years there has been less and less demand for money for this purpose. We have not sent out this month one-fifteenth part of what we did in March several years ago. This is no unimportant sign of the times. The backwoodsman who has been used to calling a spade a spade and who has considered a greasy greenback with an X upon it the only possible equivalent of $10, has now discovered that a leaf from a check-book properly indorsed is just as valuable and a good deal more convenient."

This is said to be in great measure the reason for the large amount of money now lying idle in the vaults of New York and Philadelphia banks. The country folks could formerly be depended on as sure outlets for the money which accumulated from the sale of crops and other sources in the early spring, but the demand is annually lessening. Besides, during the past year business has been dull in the country and brisk in the city, and the smaller banks have had no cause for putting their hands in the bigger one's pockets. The depression of the iron business, which has offered no incentine to the employment of capital, has been cited as a further cause of so much idle money, and the uncertainty of the country's tariff policy has also been made the scapegoat for this one more sin.

Whatever may have been the causes, the average of the aggregate deposits in the banks of New York for the week ended March 16, 1889, was 15 per cent. greater than on a corresponding date last year. Philadelphia's average has increased 10 1-2 per cent. for the same week.

Washington as a Farmer.

From a profusely illustrated series of articles on the Centennial of Washington's Inauguration we quote the following: "Good reason had M. Brissot de Warville, the traveler and author (the 'brisk little Frenchman' who became chief of the Girondists and died by the guillotine in 1793), to cry out in astonishment of the general's success in farming, when he went the rounds of Mount Vernon in the autumn of 1788. The estates were then at the highest pitch of improvement they ever attained, crops of wheat, tobacco, corn, barley, and buckwheat 'burdening the ground.' What excited the Frenchman's chief surprise was that every barn and cabin, grove and clearing, field and orchard, passed daily beneath the eye of the master. All the busy life of the negro world was regulated by his personal directions to overseers and bailiff. No item was too insignificant to bring before his notice. The minutest contract for work agreed upon was put into writing. How curious, for example, the agreement with Philip Barter, the gardener, found among Washington's papers, wherein Philip binds himself to keep sober for a year, and to fulfill his duties on the place, 'if allowed four dollars at Chrirtmas, with which to be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter, to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide, to be drunk for two days; a dram in the morning, and a drink of grog at dinner, at noon. For the true and faithful performance of all these things, the parties have hereunto set their hands, this twenty-third day of April, Anno Domini, 1787.

his
"'PHILIP BARTER, X
mark.
"'GEORGE WASHINGTON.
"'Witness:
"'GEORGE A. WASHINGTON,
"'TOBIAS LEAR.'"

A Perilous Ride.

Howard and Frank Marshall lately had a fearful horseback journey through the Black Canon of the Gunnison country. The roads were ice and snow bound, and they were compelled to cross a high trestle railway bridge with their horses, where a misstep was certain death. One of the brothers says: "We secured three planks about six and one-half feet long and ten inches wide, and laid them down between the rails, and Frank first led "Fred" onto them, and as he stood on two of the planks I moved the third one ahead and repeated until we had him safely across. We then took "Bismarck" and led him across in the same manner. We were about twenty-two minutes in taking the two horses over the bridge, which is three or four hundred feet long and from seventy-five to one hundred feet high."

A TRAGIC ELEPHANT HUNT.

Seven Men Killed by Five Animals in an African Forest.

In Capt. Wissman's new book describing his trip across Africa is a very stirring picture representing two elephants chasing hunters, black and white, through the tall grass. The only hope of the hunters is to gain the bank of a river near at hand and strike out for the other shore. The enraged brutes, with trunks and tails aloft, are tearing through the grass at the top of their speed, and they are about the ugliest customers one could meet. The story of a very tragical elephant hunt has just been told by Captain Brosseland, of the French army, who served a while ago on the Commission which determined the boundary between French Senegambia and Portugese New Guinea.

Arriving on the banks of the Rio Grande, Captain Brosseland requested the natives to take him on an elephant hunt. They promised to do so as soon as elephants were reportedin the neighborhood. A few days later some natives came rushing into the village and said that they had seen the track of a young elephant, and, as they saw no other tracks, they thought the rest of the herd must be on the other side of the little Koliba River. Their experience told them that the young elephant would not remain long away from the rest of the herd. Captain Brosseland was away from the village, and the hunters could not await his return. So eight of them set out after their prey, and the fact that Brosseland was left behind was the luckiest incident of his life.

The eight hunters had plenty of powder and ball and big English muskets which they could load to the muzzle. Through the tangle of vines and thickets they traveled until they struck the trail. Suddenly they came upon a clearing where they saw the animal, almost a baby elephant, before them. They were astonished that its companions had left it alone. The young brute, scenting danger, began to make tracks for the forest. Several shots were fired at it, and the sorely wounded animal's loud cries echoed far through the forest.

The hunters started toward the elephant, keeping, however, in the edge of the timber, where they would be less exposed to an offensive sally from their victim. All of a sudden they heard cries responding to those of the young elephant. The hunters at once comprehended that they were in danger. The other elephants were not far off, and were running in answer to the cries of their comrade. The blacks immediately abandoned their victim, which had fallen to the ground. They could hear behind them the cracking of the undergrowth as the ponderous animals hastened to the scene.

Unfortunately for the hunters, they ran into a thicket of thorny shrubs, through which they could not force their way. After a desperate effort to get through, they were compelled, with bleeding limbs, to turn back and seek some better route. They had gone but a few steps when they saw five elephants rushing toward them. Further flight was impossible, and so with their eight guns they blazed away at the enemy. The bullets hit the mark, but an elephant is hard to kill by a front shot, and the animals with redoubled fury rushed upon the helpless men.

Seven of the men were lifted high in the air on the trunks of the animals, and then dashed to the ground, broken against the trees, and crushed under foot. One man made his escape, and hurried back to the village, whose people were horror stricken at his recital. A strong party was sent out to the scene of the tragedy. The seven victims were found so terribly mutilated that their own relatives could hardly recognize them. One of the five elephants was on the ground so seriously wounded that he could not move. The young elephant whose cries had brought the comrades that had so terribly avenged it, was dying, and the others had disappeared.

Ready for Business.

New York Weekly.

Customer—'A friend of mine has a big diamond which he wants to sell."

Dealer—"Big diamonds cost moneys. I puy von last veak, und I pay one tousand tollars. Is your friend a bank president, eh?"

"No; he's a hotel clerk. What will you give?"

"Haluf a toller."

HUNTER'S MART,
94 E. Washington St.
Stationary, Notions, Pictures, Picture Frames to order, Chinese and Japanese Novelties. The new puzzle, "Pigs in Clover, price 10c. Leave order to call for Laundry.

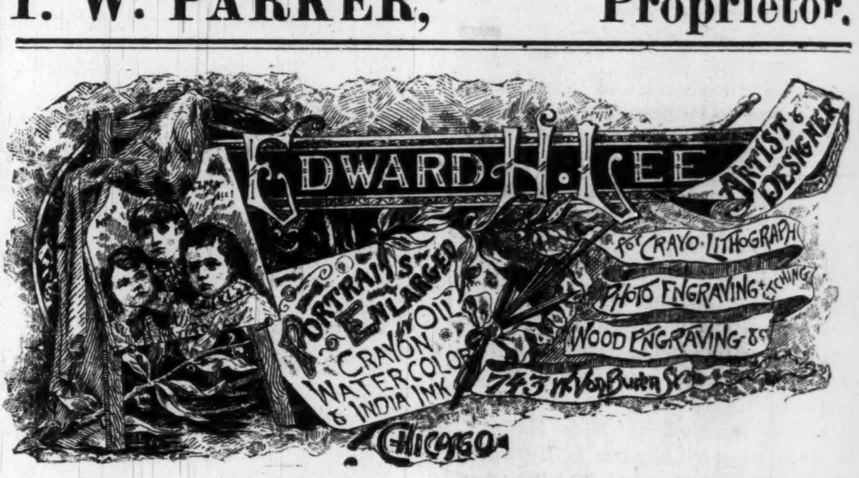
—GO TO—
GEORGE SINLINDGER'S.
For choice Whiskies, Wines, Liquors and Cigars. The best brands always on hand. Fine 10 pin alley.
Corner Morris St. and Hadley Avenue.
W. INDIANAPOLIS,

U.B.F.
We carry the only stock of these Emblem pins in the City.
M. G. HORNADAY & Co
6 Indiana Ave.

Hats for Men and Boys.
SPRING
Hats for Men and Boys.
CHILDRENS JERSEY SUITS
At $4.00 and Upward. Also
One-Piece Jersey Kilt Suits,
AT $2.75.
See Our SPRING OVERCOATS
Silk-Faceed Handsomely Made up, only $10.
We give a fine present with every Boys or Childs suit.
HATS FOR MEN AND BOYS. Original Eagle, HATS FOR MEN AND BOYS
5 & 7 WEST WASHINGTON ST.

KONZ,
The Ameican Tailor,
No. 9 South Illinois Street,
INDIANAPOLIS.
Fine Tailoring. Moderate Prices.

Now is the Time to Secure Bargains
At the Great West End
House Furnishing Bazaar
179 West Washington St.
You can buy anything in the house furnishing line at terms and prices to suit yourself at Parker's. Furniture, Stoves, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloths, Queensware, Mirrors, Pictures, and picture Frames, sold on weekly payments. Remember the place. 179 West Washington St.
T. W. PARKER, Proprietor.



$6.00. $8.00. $10.00. $12.00.
Will secure you a beautiful
Life Size Portrait.
Finest Work Guaranteed. - Orders by Mail Receive Closest Attention.
EDWARD H. LEE,
Agents Wanted. 743 W. VanBuren St.
CHICAGO.

FOR FINE PHOTOGRAPHS VISIT
Fearnaught's
Photographic
Art Gallery
BRING THE BABIES
FINEST APPOINTMENTS IN THE STATE.
16 AND 18 EAST WASHINGTON STREET.

—GO TO—
THE F. E. FULLER INSTALLMENT CO.,
—FOR—
Dress Goods
Sold On Weekly or Monthly Payments.
In Henriettas, Cashmeres, Flannels, Silks, Etc., cut in any length dress pattern to suit purchaser. Also Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Bibles, Albums, Lace Curtains, Bed Sets, Rugs, Toilet Goods, Table Linens, Paintings and a large variety of Household Articles. Lamps and Beaded Wraps.
44 E. Ohio St. Opposite Public Library.

ST. JACOBS OIL

For Rheumatism.

The Latest, Current Cures.

On Crutches. Forney, Tex., June 23, 1888. Was on crutches from rheumatism for three months; one bottle St. Jacobs Oil cured me. No return in two years. J. S. WOOD, J. P.

Since the War. Waynesville, O., June 26, '88. Had had rheumatism since the war in knee; a year ago two applications St. Jacobs Oil cured me. No return since. K. KILBON.

No Sleep. Greenville, O., June 29, 1888. Walked the floor at night, suffering with rheumatism; no relief; tried St. Jacobs Oil; half a bottle cured me. No return in years. J. C. WEAVER.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
CURES COLD IN HEAD
CATARRH
ROSE-COLD
HAY-FEVER
DEAFNESS
HEADACHE
PRICE 50 CENTS
ELY BROS. OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cold in Head.

ELY BROS, 56 Warren St., N.Y.

MAGEE'S
EMULSION.

Magee's Emulsion,

—OF—

Cod Liver Oil,
Extract of Malt, and
Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites (Lime and Soda)

A Reliable Remedy for
Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Scrofula and General Debility.

Very easy to take. Does not produce Nausea, and is easily assimilated.
Thousands of Physicians are prescribing it in their regular practice and many assert that it is
The Best Emulsion in the Market.
Ask your Druggist for it and take no other.
J. A. MAGEE & CO., Manufacturers,
Lawrence, Mass. Toronto, Can.

BRONCHITIS CURED.

After spending Ten Winters South, was Cured by Scott's Emulsion.

146 Centre St., New York,
June 25th, 1888.

The Winter after the great fire in Chicago I contracted Bronchial affections, and since then have been obliged to spend nearly every Winter South. Last November was advised to try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites and to my surprise was relieved at once, and by continuing its use three months was entirely cured, gained flesh and strength and was able to stand even the Blizzard and attend to business every day. C. T. CHURCHILL.

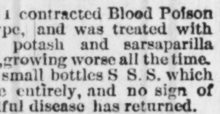
Sold by all Druggists.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK.

In 1883 I contracted Blood Poison of bad type, and was treated with mercury, potash and sarsaparilla mixtures, growing worse all the time. I took 7 small bottles S. S. S. which cured me entirely, and no sign of the dreadful disease has returned.
J. C. NANCE,
Jan. 10, '89. Hobbyville, Ind.

My little niece had white swelling to such an extent that she was confined to the bed for a long time. More than 20 pieces of bone came out of her leg, and the doctors said amputation was the only remedy to save her life. I refused the operation and put her on S.S.S. and she is now up and active and in as good health as any child. MISS ANNIE GEESLING,
Feb. 11, '89. Columbus, Ga.

Book on Blood Diseases sent free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.



IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER purchase one of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON arms. The finest small arms ever manufactured and the first choice of all experts. Manufactured in calibres 32, 38 and 44-100. Single or double action, Safety Hammerless and Target models. Constructed entirely of **best quality wrought steel**, carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, they are unrivaled for **finish, durability and accuracy**. Do not be deceived by cheap **malleable cast-iron imitations** which are often sold for the genuine article and are not only unreliable, but dangerous. The SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are all stamped upon the barrels with firm's name, address and dates of patents and are **guaranteed** perfect in every detail. Insist upon having the genuine article, and if your dealer cannot supply you an order sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Descriptive catalogue and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,
☞ Mention this paper. Springfield, Mass.

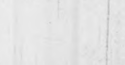
Help Wanted.

We offer GOOD PAY to WOMEN for special work up to JULY next. Besides good pay for work performed, $500 EXTRA will be given as an present to the agent doing the best work; $400 to the second, and so on. Men, boys and girls can make hundreds of dollars between now and July 1889. This is a SPECIAL chance, and holds good only until July. Address
CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DR. W. H SARBER,
Gives his special attention to all PRIVATE DISEASES of Male and Female. Regulating remedies furnished. CANCERS positively cured without the knife. RUPTURE, no cure, no pay. PILES a cure guaranteed. Fistula, Fissure, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, Sterility, Gonorrhea, Syphilis and other ills successfully treated and positively cured. Call on or address, DR. SARBER, 50½ S. ILL. ST., INDIANAPOLIS, IND. All letters containing stamps answered, and medicines sent to order.

CHILDREN are IRRITABLE
Feverish, sometimes craving food and eating ravenously, again refusing wholesome diet, tossing restlessly in sleep, moaning and grinding the teeth, then you may know Worms are capping at their [illegible] and unless prompt measures are taken, spasms and early death will follow. B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE NEVER FAILS to [illegible] Try and see for yourself, it has stood the test
FOR 60 YEARS.

$5 TO $10 A DAY.
AGENTS WANTED!
—CIRCULARS FREE.—
1,000 Brewster's Safety Rein Holders given away to introduce them. Every horse owner buys from 1 to 6. Lines never under horses' feet. Send 25 cents in stamps to pay postage and packing for Nickel-Plated Sample that sells for 65c. Brewster Mfg. Co., Holly, Mich.



LADIES, LOOK! New price-list of Rug machines, Patterns, Yarn, &c., and book of beautiful colored pattern designs free. Agents Wanted.
E. ROSS & CO., Toledo, O.

THE NEXT ONE WOULD SETTLE.

One of the Customs That Tramp Printers Always Live Up To.

Chicago Mail.

'You had something to say a short time ago about the suspicion with which boarding house keepers regard printers," said a typesetter on a morning paper. "It reminds me of a printer named Jack Robinson I ran across out in Iowa a number of years ago before I married and settled down. He told me of an experience of his which I think is unique. He said he arrived in Des Moines one day with a trifle over $5 in money about him, and finding the prospect good for work, asked one of the boys at the office to direct him to a boarding house. He called at the address furnished, talked with the landlord, selected his room and agreed on terms. Finally the old man asked what his business was. He said he was a printer, whereupon the old man threw up both hands.

"'That settles it,' he said; 'you can't get in this house.'

"'Why not?' asked Robinson.

"'Never mind, you can't get into this house. I wouldn't have you here under any circumstances. Get out.'

"'But, look here!' said Robinson. 'What kind of a deal is this? What have printers ever done to you that you should treat one of them, who is a perfect stranger to you, in this sort of style?'

"'I'll tell you,' said the old man. 'A printer came here, engaged board with me, and skipped at the end of the first week. That's all. I don't want any more.'

"'How much did he owe you?'

"'Five dollars.'

"'Well, that's all right; you don't understand. It's a custom among printers to do that once in a while, and the next one that happens along squares it. Here,' and he handed out $5, which the old man gratefully accepted with the most profuse apologies for being unacquainted with one of the customs in vogue among traveling printers.

"For the next two weeks Robinson paid his board promptly, making $15 which he had turned into the old man's coffers. The next week he went to the landlord and said: "I want to buy some clothes and fix myself up, and I'm just $15 short. If you'll let me have it I'll start in next week paying it back, and won't have to buy my stuff piecemeal.'

"The landlord thought pretty well of him by this time, and readily loaned him the $15. Robinson then bought his clothes and other truck, and a day or so after he bought a railroad ticket to another town and quietly departed, leaving this note to his landlord:

"'I'm gone. The next printer that comes along will settle. Just tell him how much it is. Good-by.'

"I reckon that that old man never could be brought to think that there was a printer anywhere alive that was any good."

THIS AND THAT.

Carriage manufacturers are predicting that in the not distant future wooden wheels will be done away with and steel wheels substituted on account of the increasing scarcity of lumber for wheels.

Portland, Me., has more Odd Fellows in proportion to its population than any other town in the world. One out of every four of the citizens over 21 belong to the order, and the seven lodges of the city have a fund of $149,615.74. The richest lodge in the Unity, which has $34,430 in its treasury.

As an example of what can be accomplished under difficulties the famous Rhode Island yacht designer, Herreschoff, has been totally blind since the age of fifteen. Notwithstanding this he probably leads his profession and has amassed a large fortune. His hands are his eyes, and not a yacht leaves his Bristol establishment that has not been felt from bow keel by its sightless designer.

The constant increase of negroes in Mississippi, for they seem to be flocking to that State from all parts of the South, is causing some uneasiness down there. A newspaper of that State gives the negro majority in the population as 60,511 in 1870, 171,828 in 1880, and estimates that the census of 1890 will show 356,921 more colored than white persons within its borders.

The Scribner family of Waterborough, Me., is remarkable in that its four generations are unbroken by death. David Scribner and his wife, both about 90 years old, have been married for sixty-five years, and have three children, the oldest being over 60. Their children have children and grandchildren, and no death has yet occurred in the line of descendants from Mr. and Mrs. Scribner to their great grandchildren.

When the old drifts of the Ophir mine at Virginia City were opened the other day it was found that a tremendous growth of fungi had in some places nearly closed the passages. It grew from top and bottom, and the sides were dotted with it; but the fungi growing from the bottom was different from the other. The foot-wall fungi had in several instances raised stones weighing from 50 to 150 pounds, and some were held in the air at a height of over three feet. Some of the fungi resembled human hair, they were so fine; some were five or six feet long and as large as a broom handle; another kind terminated in a sort of bulbous blossom; others hung from the roof and looked like serpents. The heaviest growth was in the darkest earth.

ENORMOUS FORTUNES.

Notwithstanding the enormous fortunes accumulated through the use of printer's ink, large sums of money are annually wasted in ineffectual and unremunerative advertising.

The merits of a really valuable commodity properly portrayed in the columns of an influential and widely read newspaper, will speedily become generally known and appreciated, while the returns reaped by the advertiser will be like those of the wise husbandman who "planted his seed in good ground, wherein it bore fruit and brought forth, some an hundred fold, some sixty, some thirty."

The wording of an advertisement is an all-important matter.

Clearness, attractiveness, brevity and sincerity must characterize any announcement intended to catch the public eye and appeal to public confidence. An advertisement inserted in a London journal a few days ago brought instant and multitudinous replies accompanied by an almost unlimited supply of bank notes, simply because it touched the chord of nature which makes all mankind akin. Its simple pathos and self-evident truthfulness appealed to every heart.

The advertiser sought for a lost relative, and, giving his name, said: "I am ill and friendless. My last half crown is expended in paying for this advertisement. Write me at"—(giving the address). As already stated, nearly every one who read the announcement hastened to relieve the necessities of the sufferer—a real sufferer in this case, though many swindles are perpetrated in the divine name of charity.

Thus it is with a really meritorious commodity or preparation; if its virtues be properly and truthfully set forth in the public press, its success is prompt and certain.

On the other hand, the public is quick and unerring to detect deception and charlatanry; and, accordingly, no amount of "puffery" will force a vile nostrum into public esteem and patronage. Untold sums have been sunk in vain efforts to advertise into popularity so called medical preparations which did not possess the virtues or properties claimed for them.

Valuable medicines, however, like Warner's Safe Cure and Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, carry their own best commendation in their power to *cure* the particular diseases for which they are a specific.

They require no labored panegyric to convince the people of their power and efficacy, for they have been tried and found perfect.

Nature's remedies, by their own intrinsic merits have conferred a lasting boon upon mankind, and they have secured an enviable reputation and unlimited sale throughout the civilized world.

The Pope a Great Chess-Player.

London Court Journal.

The Pope has a weakness for chess. He is a very fine player, and in the amateur ranks is said to have few superiors in the knowledge of gambits and openings. There is one priest in Rome who has the especial honor of being the Pope's adversary over the board. This priest—Father Giella—has played chess with Leo Pecci for thirty-two years past. When Cardinal Pecci was raised to the Papal throne, Father Giella, who was then in Florence, got an invitation to proceed to Rome and take up his quarters in the Vatican. Giella is hot-tempered, and has been known to look very black indeed at the Vicar of Christ across his chess-board. The Pope takes Giella's temper good naturedly, and often improves the occasion by a little homily on the virtues of resignation and meekness.

Catarrh Can't be Cured.
with LOCAL APPLICATION, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucus surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredient's is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Bridge of Sighs—The Brooklyn Bridge.

The Handsomest Woman in Town
Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince you of its merit, and druggist will give you a Sample Bottle Free. Large size, 50c and $1.

Woodwill—William Penn.

GEO. WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION.

Excursions to New York via the Pennsylvania Short Lines for the Centennial Celebration.

Excursion tickets to New York City at very low round trip rates will be sold from all principal stations on the Pennsylvania Lines west of Pittsburgh for the Centennial celebration of the inauguration of George Washington, to be held April 29th and 30th, 1889. This celebration is in the hands of well known and enterprising citizens of New York, who promise that it shall be a most picturesque and magnificent carnival. For complete information regarding rates of fare and train accommodations for individuals or organized bodies, apply to the nearest passenger or ticket agent of the Pennsylvania Lines.

Tested by Time. For Bronchial affections' Coughs etc., BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25 cents.

Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

Leading physicians all over the country prescribe MAGEE'S EMULSION for coughs, colds and general debility.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

HORSES IN PERSIA.

The Thousands of Perfect Steeds Owned by the Shah.

It is told that the Persians have from earliest times been noted for horsemanship. The Persian horses, though full of spirit, are generally far more gentle in disposition than American horses. The usual paces are a very fast walk, the canter and a run. The trot is not a favorite gait in the East, and it is the opinion of the Orientals that it is a gait far more fatiguing for long rides than the gallop, and only fit for carriage horses. A strong horse, six years old, can be bought at Teheran for $45. A very superior blood horse can be bought for $350 or $400. The average price for a good and handsome steed is $60. The stables are generally very primitive affairs, each horse having a seperate manger, composed of stone and mud, built against the garden wall with a few branches thrown over to keep off the sun, for during nine months there is scarcely any dew or rain. Each horse is also tethered by the hind foot to a spike driven into the ground. But the greatest care is taken, notwithstanding, in regard to the health of these horses. They are always carefully blanketed, and in cold weather, or after nightfall, hardly any thing can be seen of them but the ears and tail, they are so completely muffled with blankets of felt. The royal stables of Persia have always been stocked with hundreds and thousands of picked steeds, fit for state pageants, hunting and war. The importance attached to this branch of the King's household brought about the custom, which existed from time immemorial until within the present reign, that a fugitive from the wrath of the King could find a sanctuary in the royal stables. So long as he remained their he was safe. The present Shah has 2,000 mares in the valley of the Lan alone. This is a remarkable winding depression in the mountains, forty miles from Teheran and 11,000 feet above the sea.

A man by the name of Stone moves in good society yet he bears a hard name.

A Life Made Miserable
By dyspepsia is scarcely worth the living. A capricious appetite, heartburn, puzzling nervous symptoms, increased action of the heart after eating, sinking in the abdomen between meals, and flatulence after, are among the successive *indicia* of this harrassing complaint. Two things only are needful for its removal. A resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and persistence in its use. These remedial measures being adopted, a cure is certain. Taken immediately before or after meals, this great stomachic promotes secretion of the gastric juice, the natural solvent of the food. The nervous and bilious symptoms consequent upon chronic indigestion disappear, as the complaint gradually yields to the corrective and invigorating influence of the Bitters. Appetite returns, sleep becomes more refreshing, and as a sequence, the body is efficiently nourished, muscular power increases, and the mind grows sanguine. Use the Bitters for chills and fever, and rheumatism

Horse fair—corn and oats.

The Longest Word in the Dictionary
is incompetent to communicate the inexpressible satisfaction and incomprehensible consequences resulting from a judicious administration of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a preparation designed especially for the speedy relief and permanent cure of all Female Weaknesses, Nervousness, and diseases peculiar to the female sex. The only remedy for woman's peculiar ills, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, to give satisfaction. See guarantee on wrapper of bottle. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out for many years by the proprietors.

Throwing light on the subject—Opening the blinds.

A Large Estate.
A broad land is this in which we live, dotted so thickly with thrifty cities, town and villages! Amid them all with ever-increasing popularity and helpfulness, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, giving hope and cheer where there is disease and despair. Wherever there is humanity there is suffering; wherever there is suffering there is the best field for this greatest American Remedy. Consumption (which is lung-scrofula), yields to it, if employed in the early stages of the disease; Chronic Nasal Catarrh, yields to it; Kidney and Liver diseases, yield to it! If you want the best known remedy for all diseases of the blood, ask for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and take no other.

A scrap book—A pugilist's record.

Popular Preparation!
Pure, Potent, Powerful! Pallid People Praise, Progressive People Purchase! Positively Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Properly Partaken, Preserve Physical Powers, Produce Permanent Physical Perfection. Purchase, Prove.

Don't drink too much lager if you wish to beer man.

Domestic felicity is disturbed when a man has a wife and elixir.

BRADFIELD'S
FEMALE
REGULATOR
Cures all Diseases Peculiar to Women!
BOOK TO "WOMAN" MAILED FREE
Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Georgia
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Mention this Paper every time you write.

BIG G Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. M'f'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D.
Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCHE & CO.,
Chicago, Ill.
$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

$75.00 to $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main street, Richmond, Va.
N.B.—Ladies employed also. Never mind about sending stamp for reply. Come quick. Yours for biz. B. F. J. & CO.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

"Here is my favorite Spring Medicine.
"I want some, too, Mamma."
"Yes dear, we will all take it, for Hood's Sarsaparilla makes us healthy and Strong.

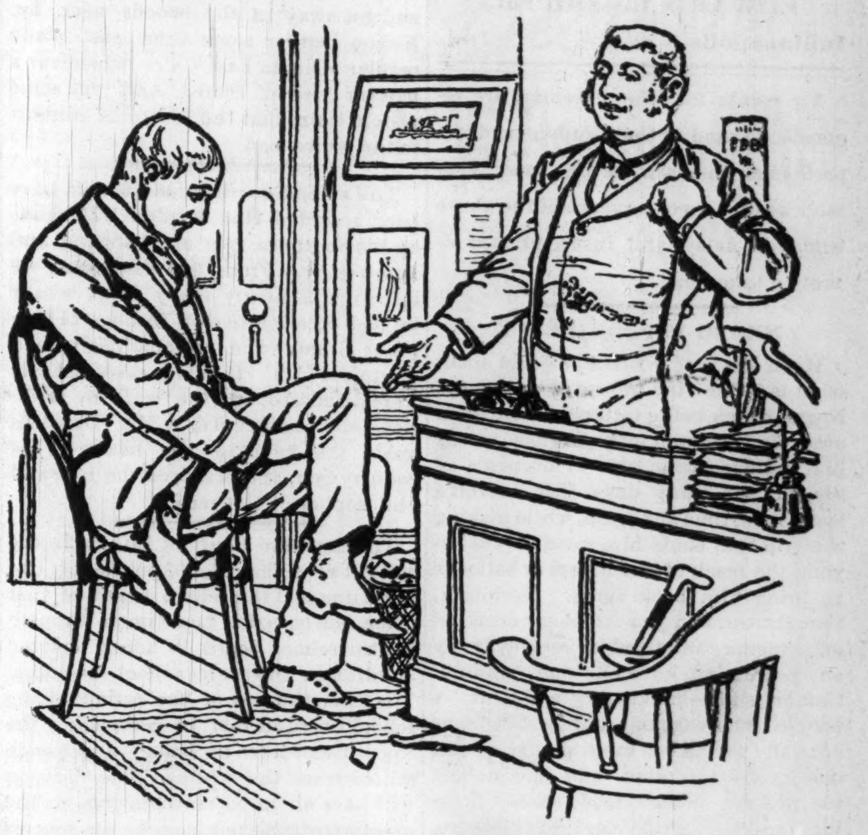
That Tired Feeling

Is experienced by nearly every one at this season and it should be driven off, or in the weak condition of the body serious disease may gain a foot-hold. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed. It purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, makes the head clear, creates an appetite overcomes that tired feeling, tones the nerves and imparts new vigor to the whole body.

If you have decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla as a spring tonic, and I recommend it to all who have that miserable tired feeling." C. PARMELEE, 349 Bridge St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar



THE SICK FRIEND.

The robust, hale, hearty gentlemen in this picture has just received a call from his friend, who is suffering all the torments of the damned. He is a victim of that commonest of American maladies—bilious dyspepsia, or torpid liver, associated with indigestion. He feels despondent and gloomy, languid and lifeless; has a bad taste in his mouth; his tongue is coated, appetite poor; he is drowsy after meals; his sleep is disturbed by bad dreams or by horrible nightmare, and so is not refreshing, and he has a constant, indescribable feeling of dread or of impending calamity. His friend, upon whom he has called, is telling the sick man that only a few months ago he was in just that same distressed state of body and mind himself, but that he had the good fortune to learn of an unfailing remedy for all such disorders, which he found in that world-famed medicine known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

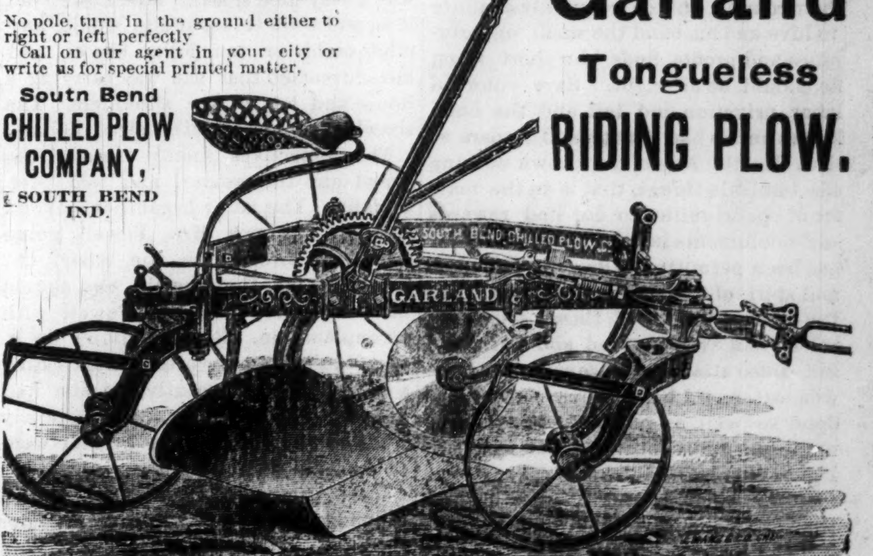
It is the only medicine of its class, **guaranteed** to benefit or cure in all diseases for which it is recommended, or money refunded.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors.

CATARRH IN THE HEAD, no matter how bad or of how long standing, is permanently cured by DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY. 50 cents, by druggists.

A Prize Winner.
No pole, turn in the ground either to right or left perfectly
Call on our agent in your city or write us for special printed matter,
South Bend
CHILLED PLOW COMPANY,
SOUTH BEND IND.

Garland
Tongueless
RIDING PLOW.


SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOW CO.
GARLAND

The man who has invested from three to five dollars in a Rubber Coat, and at his first half hour's experience in a storm finds to his sorrow that it is hardly a better protection than a mosquito netting, not only feels chagrined at being so badly taken in, but also feels if he does not look exactly like

A WET HEN

We offer the man who wants service (not style) a garment that will keep him dry in the hardest storm. It is called TOWER'S FISH BRAND "SLICKER," a name familiar to every Cow-boy all over the land. With them the only perfect Wind and Waterproof Coat is "Tower's Fish Brand Slicker."

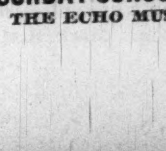
Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the FISH BRAND, send for descriptive catalogue. A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

DR HORNES ELECTRIC BELT

WEAK, NERVOUS PEOPLE.
DR. HORNE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BELT positively cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LIVER, KIDNEY and exhausting chronic diseases of both sexes. Contains 23 to 100 degrees of Electricity. GUARANTEED the latest improved, cheapest, scientific powerful, durable and effective MEDICAL ELECTRIC BELT in the WORLD. Electric Suspensories free with Male Belts. Avoid bogus companies with many aliases and worthless imitations. ELECTRIC TRUSSES FOR RUPTURE. 9,000 cured. Send stamp for illustrated pamphlet.
DR. W. J. HORNE, INVENTOR, 191 WABASH AV., CHICAGO.

DR. HORNE'S ELECTRIC TRUSS

RUPTURE
Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Belt-Truss, combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating a continuous *Electric & Magnetic current.* Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective. Avoid frauds. Over 9,000 cured. Send Stamp for pamphlet.
ALSO ELECTRIC BELTS FOR DISEASES.
DR. HORNE, INVENTOR, 191 WABASH AVE, CHICAGO.



5 TON WAGON SCALES,
Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box,
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THE FREEMAN
A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED
COLORED NEWSPAPER
EDWARD E. COOPER, PROP'R

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MS. unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article.

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EDWARD E. COOPER,
Indianapolis, - - Ind.

All agents for The Freeman are requested to send in their orders and reports so as to reach us by Tuesday of each week. An observance of the above will avoid delays and insure prompt attention to orders.

NEGRO IMPROVIDENCE.

Much has been written and said about what is termed the improvidence of the Negro, which being interpreted in plain every day common folks English, means his indifference to the to-morrow's of life, and the rainy days that overtake every man, time and again, while making the trip that lands him somewheres beyond the reach of steam cars or balloons to bring him back again. Seriously, thoughtless, and you might say criminal extravagance indulged in recklessly by any people, can have but one culmination or result—bankruptcy and ruin. A people who earn one hundred millions annually and in the same period spend one hundred million and one dollars to procure some food, some clothing and a great deal of pleasure, will never cut much figure in the great money and commercial marts of the world, to say nothing of enjoying the questionable distinction of being the ancestors of decendants who never having had set before, or instilled into them examples of frugality, thrift and economy, become and grow up slatterns, idlers, bums and dissipators. "Like father, like son" holds good nearly every time. THE FREEMAN has never dispaired of the ultimate standing and influence of the Negro race of America, nor does it now, but in accordance with its mission, it must notice and speak of matters effecting the people, if it would sustain its title as the national organ of the Negro race of America. Are the Negroes of America, as a class, and generally speaking, improvident? We think not, that is in the sense of being criminally neglectful or minus a due regard for the crying, not to be put off, daily resposibilities and duties of life. He thinks of the rainy days and makes effort to anticipate and be prepared for their coming, but too frequently a failure to hive and husband the small opportunities and profits, finds him short when he should be all right. Save enforced labor, privation and toil and the Lord knows he has had enough and to spare of that. He, the Negro, has known nothing else but little things, that is in the matter of opportunities to do, and rewards and emoluments in return for what he has been permitted to do. A prejudice and spirit of unfairness more cruel than the cruelest edicts of Russia's cruelest rulers has ever persued and harrassed him since attaining citizenship, and the wonder should be, if any, that he has done so well as he has. These surroundings and conditions has had the logical effect. Unable to detect any hope for improvement and change beyond the deep gloom of his environments, he has gradually become a disciple to the easy followed, but dangerous philosophy, that whereas he can do but so well anyhow, strive as he may, that while plodding along through life he might as well make the most and best of things, and take chances on the out come. Therein lies the greatest weakness and fault of the Negro race in America to-day, and it is a dangerous weakness and must and will be avoided. We must study the precepts of "Poor Richard" more than we do, and learn to learn the value of a cent, and then the knowledge of the dollars value will come on as the night follows day.

AMONG the many good things which will appear in the next and early numbers of The Freeman will be a history of Berea College in Kentucky, together with portraits and illustrations of its faculty and buildings. The remarkable thing about this college is that situated as it is in the heart of Kentucky it admits black and white students on the same conditions and is largely attended, three fifths being colored students. Also a history with illustrations of Alcorn A. and M. College of Mississippi the only one of its kind in the country, officered entirely by colored men. It will also contain a new line of engravings and cartoon work. Don't miss them.

No truer estimate of the political status of the Negro could be drawn than this excerpt from a letter of Rev. T. G. Steward, of Baltimore, to the People's Advocate, of the District of Columbia "It must be remembered, however, that while we number many thousand voters we do not represent great organized power. We have in our midst no great church as the Irish Catholic has, containing a power in dollars, and a purgatory more powerful; we have not a great liquor interest as have the Germans, with its 'millions in it;' we have no great firms and great companies, but in the main are a vast aggregation of struggling individuals."

A colored man named George Nelson was hanged to a tree at East Cairo, a few days ago, by a gang of railroad men whom he had cheated out of their money by using false dice. Fortunately the rope broke, after they had drawn him up, and he fell in a heap on the ground. Before the men decided and settled what to do next, he recovered himself and got away in the woods near by. Nelson had for some time past made regular visits to East Cairo whenever a pay car visited there. And yet some people claim that the Negro is inferior to the white man.

THE splendid receptions which have been accorded Hon. Frederick Douglass on his Southern trip are befitting and noteworthy. From the dispatches we learn that at nearly every point where he had occasion to stop throngs of people of all races and nationalities turned out to see him. In many cases schools were dismissed, and the work in factories, etc., suspended. Mr. Douglass holds the keys to the hearts of his countrymen, and is indeed the sage and philosopher of the race.

The Supreme Court of Illinois, in the suit between the colored people of Upper Alton and the school board of that place, has issued a mandamus compelling the school board to admit colored children to the new school building. The case grew out of the action of the school board in 1887 in compelling the colored children to attend a separate school from the whites. The decision will have an important bearing on the question of maintaining separate schools based on mere race distinction.

A great deal is being said just now about Harrison's Southern policy, but as far as we have been able to see, it has consisted mainly in the appointment of ex-rebels and white protectionists and Democrats to office.

THE STORY OF A SHAWL.

Ireland vs. Africa.

Mrs. Cudahy is the wife of a millionaire packer, and lives in the free city of Chicago. Last year she lost a very valuable shawl. She said some one stole it. Soon after that she was informed that a colored woman was wearing it. Mrs. Cudahy put out detectives to find that shawl.

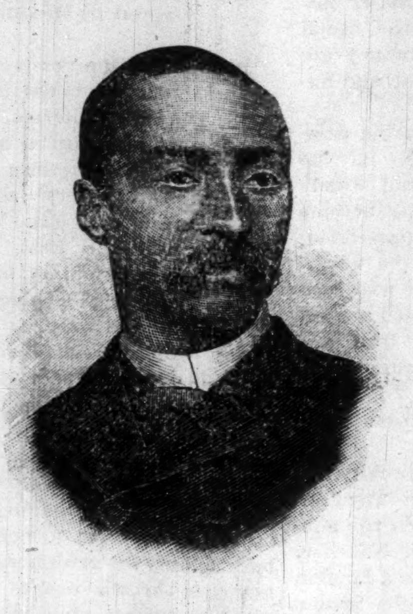
It so happened that a colored man named Powell, while walking down town one day, found a shawl, and like any other citizen picked it up. Very naturally he gave it to his wife and made her heart glad. They thought it was a very nice shawl. Mrs. Powell put it on and wore it just as she would any other eight or ten dollar shawl, and never dreamed that she was carrying a house and lot on her shoulders. The shawl was worth eight hundred dollars.

The detectives finally located the shawl and the wearer, and told Mrs. Cudahy. The latter began her lookout. One day she saw Mrs. Powell going down the street with the shawl on? She went for the shawl. She should have demanded it of Mrs. Powell with an explanation. But she didn't do it. She didn't think it worth while treating a colored woman decently, so she had her arrested for stealing. Mrs. Cudahy went home happy. Mrs Powell went to the lock up.

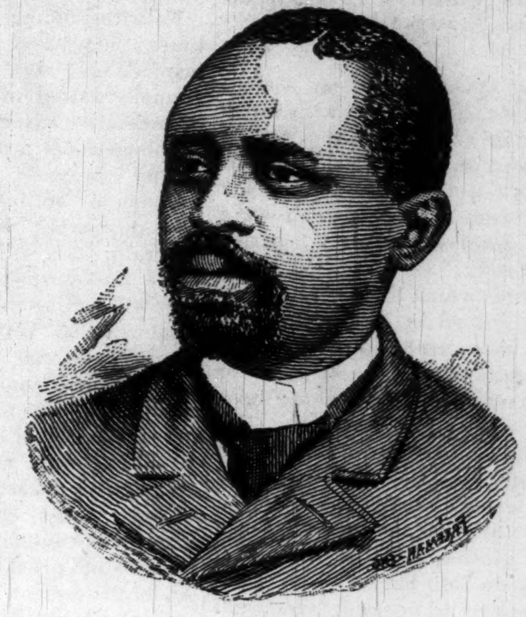
Then came the trial. Mrs. Powell didn't steal the shawl, neither did her husband, so the judge discharged both of them. Mrs. Powell did not relish being arrested, and told Mrs. Cudahy that she would see her later. Mrs. Cudahy turned up the southeast corner of her aristocratic nose and went home. Mrs. Powell bathed her temples and went to a lawyer's office.

Big law suit last week in Judge Baker's court, Chicago, Cook County; Ill. There were Mr. and Mrs. Cudahy, and their lawyer on one side; on the other side Mr. and Mrs. Powell, their colored lawyer, Mr. Washington, a white one, Mr. Sprague, and a colored short hand writer, Mr. Stewart. They fought all day long. When they were through the jury went out and smoked cigars. Then they got down to business and decided that Mrs. Cudahy had injured Mrs. Powell, and that she ought to pay one thousand dollars for her fun. They rendered a verdict accordingly. Mrs. Cudahy was "paralyzed;" Mrs. Powell was happy.

The shoe is on the other foot now. Mrs. Cudahy knows more now than she did last year, but she does not feel any better. She will not be in a hurry to arrest another colored person. Mark that.—Conservator.



J. D. BALTIMORE, Esq.,
Engineer and Inventor of Washington, D. C.



A. M. THOMAS,
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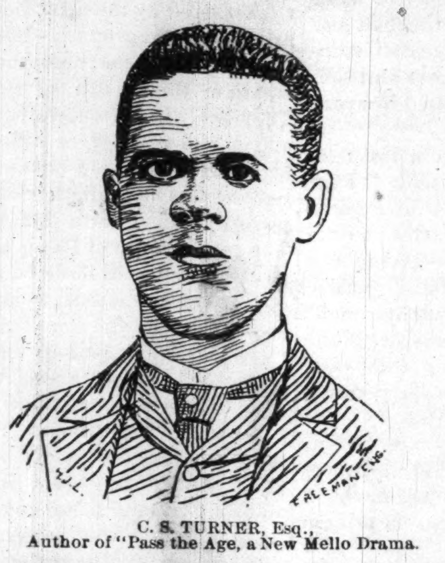
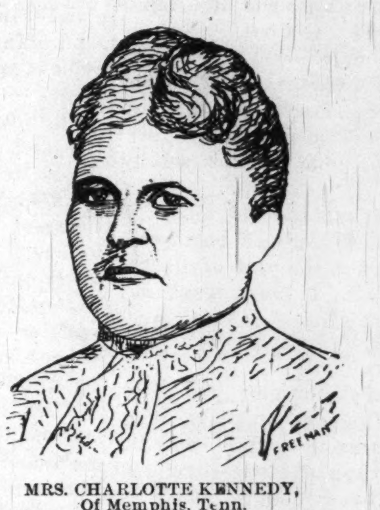


C. S. TURNER, Esq.,
Author of "Pass the Age, a New Mello Drama.



MRS. CHARLOTTE KENNEDY,
Of Memphis, Tenn.

ALBERT M. THOMAS, JR.,

Attorney at Law, Buffalo, N. Y.

To write the biography of many of the prominent young colored men of to-day would be repetition indeed, so close is the analogy and so brief is the interval between slavery and citizenship. The life of Mr. Thomas, the subject of this narrative, though brief is eventful.

He was born a slave Jan. 7, 1853, at Charleston, (now West) Va. His parents moved to Ohio in 1861 and he attended school at Gallipolis and other points in the state. Entering manhood he became book-keeper for his father at a Tennessee watering place (Raleigh Springs, 1871 to 1883.) In the mean time attending the Gaines high school, at Cincinnati, Ohio. He finally left the high school and became a student at Fisk University for four years, from which he graduated with honors, as bachelor of arts, in 1881.

He was then made principal of a city school, at Memphis, Tenn., teaching two years and studying law under Chancellor Heiskeli in the mean time, and was admitted to the Tennessee bar in 1883. He entered the law department of Yale college the same year and graduated June 1884, from that institution and was at once admitted to the Connecticut bar.

In 1884 he moved to the State of New York, locating at Buffalo, the home of his father, a man of property, where he has since been actively engaged in the practice of his profession, having acquired an extensive clientage among the white and colored citizens.

In fhe fall of 1884, Mr. Thomas married the only daughter of Rev. P. W. Cassey, rector of St. Cyprian Episcopal church, New Berne, N. C. Mrs. Thomas is a handsome and cultured lady, being a fine pianist.

Mr. Thomas, though a young man, has fully demonstrated his ability to cop with the best white lawyers of Buffalo. As an orator he is earnest, polished and eloquent. He asks no quarters on account of his color, and prefers thathe labors be measured according to their merits.

NEGRO DAILIES.

How Long will it be Ere Our Race will Support Them?

Memphis, Tenn., Special.

As our race becomes more enlightened the more apparent can be seen the need of our supporting in every town and city a well conducted daily newspaper. Go into any of our towns and cities and out of the many thousands of daily newspapers, there is not one published by colored men.

There's not half a dozen white journals south of the Mason and Dixon line that will publish a personal in the same column with that of the whites, if they are aware that the parties spoken of have one one-thousandeth drop of colored blood coursing in their veins, and then should the rule be waived in nearly every case we are obliged to pay for its insertion, while their own race is published gratis, and in many cities South, as in Memphis, the colored race constitute three-fifths of the readers of these very same sheets which ignore announcing the arrival or departure of any of our most prominent citizens. Is this not true, friends?

But your correspondent must now censure our own race. We have in our rich and thriving city not one or two, but a score of our older colored citizens who have the money to thoroughly equip and successfully run a daily newspaper, but will they do it? Their actions yea their words, say not, and they will not do it. They would much rather support the white than give their mites toward elevating their own race. And verily, I believe many of the older colored people envy the young men and women of their race who succeed and become the white man's equal.

[There are two daily newspapers published by colored men to our knowledge, the Messenger, at Columbus, Ga., and the Optic, at Moberly, Mo.—Editor Freeman]

MRS. CHARLOTTE KENNEDY.

Authoress, of Memphis, Tennessee.

The subject of this sketch was born in Missouri, but was sold into Tennessee when but fourteen years old. She lived in Fayettte county, about thirty-five miles from Memphis, but moved to Memphis ere she had reached womanhood. She studied dressmaking and became efficient in that art. In the yellow fever scourge which prostrated Memphis in '73, '78 and '79 she proved herself an efficient nurse and was in demand everywhere. It was in these sad times that the thought of writing a book came to her, the subject matter and title of which is, "Slavery—Its Barbarisms and Cruelties." The book will be published in about six or eight months. It will be profusely illustrated and will contain about 250 pages. Mrs. Kennedy was twice married, both husbands having died, and is now engaged in sick nursing. She is a faithful member of the C. M. E. Church Collins Chapel and has always taken an active part in all religious work. In presenting this sketch the writer only hopes that it will be the means of inspiring other and younger women to a higher and nobler womanhood.

EASTER SERVICES.

At 9th Presbyterian Church at 11 a. m.

The following interesting program will be rendered at the above named church, to-morrow.

1st, Organ voluntary. 2d, Invocation. 3d, chorus, "Easter Praises." 4th, Responsive reading. 5th, Prayer. 6th, Solo, "Did Our Redeemer Die," Miss Ollie Gulliver. 7th, First Scripture lesson. 8th, Solo, "The Open Portal," Mr. James Lightburn. 9th, Address, pastor. 10th. Chorus, "His Tender Care." 11th, Second Scripture lesson. 12th, Solo, "In the Hush of Early Morning," Miss Beulah Wright. 18th, Responsive reading. 14th, Solo and chorus, "Glory is the Theme," Miss Kate Bazil and choir. 15th, Collection. 16th, Chorus, "Easter Bells," Prof. Dawson, violinist, and Major Gardner, cornetist. 17th, "Gloria Patria," Benediction. At 3 p. m., interesting Childrens' Service. At 7.45 p. m., report from Presbytery of Indianapolis. J. R. RILEY, pastor.

A Colored Woman Gets $20,000.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 17.—By a jury's verdict, to-day, Frances Ebb, the colored mistress of James M. Roman, an old farmer recently deceased, was given all his property, in amount $20,000. Roman had lived with the woman from slavery days, when he owned her. At his death he left her and their children his property. His niece, Mrs. Mary Hydron, of Indiana, who had been reared by Roman, contested that the will was made under undue influence.

THE
CHURCH
HOLY BIBLE

Rev. T. L. Johnson, of Chicago, Ill., is lecturing in Georgia.

⁂

Rev. J. J. Coles, a returned missionary from Africa, is now at Petersburgh, Va.

⁂

Rev. E. W. Lewis has been promoted to the editorship of the Missouri Citizen.

⁂

Rev. R. T. Anderson, formerly of Jones Tabernacle, this city, now has charge of Logans' Temple, Knoxville, Tenn.

⁂

Bishop Lomax is in Tennessee, Bishop Petty is in Alabama, Bishop Hood is in Virginia and Bishop Harris is in Arkansas.

⁂

The Rev. E. Fleming, of Athens, Ga., has been called to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church, Providence, R. I.

⁂

Rev. L. G. Jordan, of Texas, and who has been doing temperance work in Illinois, has been called to the pastorate of the Second Baptist Church at Lincoln, Ill.

⁂

Rev. J. T. Buck has started a Presbyterian Mission at 1620 Morgan street, St. Louis, Mo. The Mission is growing both in membership and Sabbath school attendance.

⁂

Rev. Job C. Lawrence, who was elected a member of the Board of Education of Knoxville, Tenn., is still denied admission to the Board meetings on account of his color.

⁂

Rev. Alexander Walters preached an able and eloquent sermon to the Knights of Pythias at Zion Church, N. Y., corner Tenth and Bleecker streets, last Sunday. There were about 300 Knights and a congregation of fifteen hundred.

⁂

The Nashville (Tenn.) Christian Advocate, the organ of the M. E. Church, South, cries a halt in the enlistment of "boy preachers" in the popular "revival" business. The Advocate says: "We see that several new 'boy preachers' have come out, or been brought out by well-meaning but mistaken sponsors. In the name of humanity and common sense, stop it."

⁂

The Metropolitan Church is the largest and the handsomest church in Washington and perhaps in the country. It is useless to attempt to describe it, you will have to see it. There is nothing gaudy or extravagant about it, but it is a large, commodious, well arranged and elegant house of worship, entirely modern in design, and tastefully furnished. While it is the property of the A. M. E. church, it is no less a credit to the Negroes of this country.—Rambler in American Baptist.

Hon. Fred Douglass lectured in Thomasville, Ga., this week. His subject was on "Self-Made Men." He was enthusiastically received and royally entertained.

J. D. BALTIMORE, ESQ.

Chief Engineer and Mechanician at the Freedman's Hospital---Engineer---Machinist---Inventor.

Jeremiah Daniel Baltimore first saw the light in Washington, D. C., April 15, 1852. His parents, Thomas and Hannah Baltimore were free, the former a Catholic and the latter a Methodist.

The boy, following the goodly walks of his mother, adopted the same faith, joining the Wesley Zion Church and filling every position in the Sabbath School, from pulpit to superintendent; also, secretary of the board of trustees of the church, having united with it in 1866. He was a scholar in Enoch Ambushe's school for quite a while, but when he left he could neither spell or write his own name. He had a great aptitude for cobling and experimenting with steam, etc. Some of his experiments consisted of a piece of stove pipe and old brass bucket hoops, &c. With these he made a steam boiler, to which he attached an engine that he had constructed, but it would not work. It was highly spoken of by all who saw it. It was placed on exhibition in the United States Treasury Department, and was examined by the officers and employees, who pronounced it the work of a genus. This so encouraged him that he tried to make a better one. When this engine was finished it was carried to the Patent Office, and by the aid of Anthony Bowen, a very distinguished colored member of the City Council, of Washington, the attention of the public and press was called to it. Soon after, an article appeared in the Sunday Chronicle headed: "Extraordinary Menchanical Genius of a Colored Boy."

This boy desired to do something to further his own cause, and one day seeing the people going into the President's house, he was bold enough to send the paper with the sketch in it to the President. Not having any idea that the President would become interested in the matter, he started out with the crowd. Soon however, the usher called him and said: "The President wants to see you, young man." He went in and found General Grant who inquired if he was the young man of whom he had been reading. He replied, "I am sir," The General said: "You must have a trade," and handed him a card with these words on it:

> Will the Secretary of the Navy please see the bearer, J. D. Baltimore. I think it would be well to give him employment in one of the United States navy yards, where he can be employed on machinery. Please see statement of what he has done without instructions.
> U. S. GRANT.

This card he presented to the Secretary of the Navy and was immediately appointed as an apprentice in the department of steam engineering at the Washington Navy Yards. He found prejudice here very strong and was soon transfered to the navy yard at Philadelphia. He met with opposition here, also, and received but little instruction or encouragement from his co-workers. After graduating from the Franklin Institute, at Philadelphia, with high honors, he was detailed to go to the naval station at League Island, on the Deleware river. His knowledge of the business brought him into prominence here, and when it became necessary to reduce the force he was retained at a salary of $27.00 per week. After remaining in Pennsylvania a few years, he returned to Washington in 1872, and opened up a general repair shop, which he conducted for twelve years. About this time (1872) he was happily married to Miss Ella V. Waters, to whom he owes much of his success.

He is now employed as chief engineer and mechanician at the Freedmen's Hospital, Washington, D. C. Mr. Baltimore is a well read man and keeps posted up with the growth of his profession. He was invited to deliver a scientific lecture at Falls church, Va., Thursday evening, April 4, and spoke to a large and critical audience. His subject was "The chemistry of water and the properties of oxygen and hydrogen." He performed many beautiful experiments at his lecture, among them firing a cannon by the heat generated in decomposing a piece of ice—melting steel in a jar of pure oxygen—causing water to boil by the application of ice. Mr. Baltimore is the inventor of a pyrometer, which was on exhibition at the New Orleans Exposition. He is interested in every subject that touches the race, and his success over many difficulties marks him as a man of rare genius, firmness and talent.

A FIRST CLASS OPERATION.

Dr. C. E. Bently the promising young dentist of Chicago, Ill., has done some excellent work in his line of late. Recently he was called upon to treat a colored lady, who for two years had continuous gatherings of pus in her face, and though many able physicians were consulted, none gave her relief. Dr. Bentley concluded, upon examination, that a part of the bones of the jaw were dead, and decided upon a surgical operation. The patient agreed, and the result was an operation consuming nearly three hours' time. The jaw was laid open, and a very large amount of dead bone extracted, after which the patient felt immediate relief. She is now almost entirely well and the operation has proved a success.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

The Idle Hour Literary of St. Louis discussed Wm. Cullen Bryant at its last meeting.

The Colored State Teachers' Association of Alabama is in session at Selma this week.

Three colored men have been appointed officers on the detective force at Atlanta, Ga.

The politicians of Georgia are wearing spurs in their boots since the return of Col. Pledger from Washington.

George Kennedy a colored farmer of Andersonville, Ga., has a fortune in a cow with five feet, two feet on one leg.

Some thirty or more persons left St. Louis for Liberia, Africa, about two weeks ago, sixteen being residents of that city.

C. F. Adams the enterprising manager of the Appeal of St. Paul, Minn., is about to establish a branch office in St. Louis. Mo.

The annual row of the Lincoln school of Missouri has commencsd. The Gate City Press is of the opinion that there is something "rotten in Denmark."

Juan Latino, a Negro of the 16th century, was the most celebrated poet of his time; he was professor of languages in the leading school of Spain and married the daughter of a Spanish grandee.

The Gallilean Fishermen of Richmond, Va., have sold 12 of the houses they purchased recently to colored families at prices aggregating $7,000. They have eleven remaining, four only however they are offering for sale on the installment plan.

The school established in 1887 by Mrs. Barboza, daughter of Rev. H. H. Garnett, D. D., at Brewersville, W. C. Africa, for the educational training of the African females, has demonstrated that the African girls are capable of high intellectual development.

We suggest Hon. Frederick Douglass as a suitable man to deliver the eulogy on Lewis Hayden. He knew him, worked with him, and assisted in fighting with him the great battles of the past. It would be a eulogy indeed. It would be like Gladstone eulogizing the late John Bright, Star of Zion.

An ossified colored man whose limbs ring like metal when struck, is the latest dime museum freak. His name is Norval Monroe, and he was born a slave in Virginia in January, 1847. At eight years of age his left leg began to ossify and two years later the strange disease took possession of his right foot. In 1862 his right hand and arm became solely bone. The next year his left arm was affected and in 1867 his neck "set," as he expresses it, and since that time he has been powerless to move, but has felt no pain. He has a good appetite and appears to be a person of most genial and sunny temperament.

An interesting experiment is reported from one of the Leipsic hospitals. Pieces of skin from the bodies of several white persons were some time since grafted upon a Negro under treatment. These transplanted fragment gradually became darker and darker, finally assuming the same color as the rest of the patient's skin. This circumstance induced the further experiment of grafting black skin on a white body. That was fourteen weeks ago. After a few weeks the transplanted piece began to whiten, now it is impossible to mark any difference of color between it and the rest of the body. Without further proof this should establish beyond a doubt the brotherhood of the Negro with the Aryan race.

I notice in reading in the New York Age that Miss Florence Williams, in interviewing Mr. James R. Smith, was informed by him concerning the Tennessee Concert Company, that the company had disbanded owing to a misunderstanding, that the singers have become swell-headed and did not wish to accord him any credit whatever for his share in bringing thom before the world. The company having gained recognition as singers under his management then rebelled against him and thus broke their contract. Miss Kate Johnson and Mr. Lewis Brown claim that the contract was not broken by any action of the company, but by the manager and that the company had been duped by the manager. They claimed that all their expenses were to be paid by Smith which he failed to do. Mr. Smith should remember that some of his artists had established a reputation before he had ever proposed a trip to the West Indies to them. As for agreeing to pay their traveling expenses, it is perfectly true, for we read some of the contracts before the company left America. Smith also informed the company that they were under the management of Mr. Henry Abbey; that he was backed and sent out by him as acting manager. I called at Mr. Abbey's office last September to see about how the company was getting on, and met Mr. Matthew's, Mr. Abbey's "right hand" man, and in conversation with him he told me that the company was not one of Mr. Abbey's, but was sent out by him (Matthews). By the way, Mr. Smith is a white man.

The Illustrated Police News, of last week, stated that Mr. J. A. Arneaux is soon to return to New York from Paris, where he has been taking a course of instruction, and that he will star this country as a tragedian, backed by a wealthy colored man of Washington. This is the first that we knew of Mr. A. being in Paris. The last we heard of him he was in Canada. We hope the statement is true, and wish him success.

Last week, at Dockstaders Theater, Broadway, New York, a company known as the Georgia Minstrels appeared all the week to good business. The troupe consisted of Mme. M. S. Jones, DeWolf Sisters, Messrs. Lew Brown, W. Owens King, Will H. Pierce, Dick Jones, Wesley Norris, Billy Wilson, Horace Western, Lee Allen and The Excelsior Quartette.

It may be surprising to note the names of some of the artists who appeared in the Georgia Minstrefs, in New York last week. An actor's lot is not a happy one; up to-day and down to-morrow.

Through the kindness of Major Arthur Brykin, of Hampton (Va.) Normal School, I attended the cantata of Queen Esther last week, given at the school by the students and graduates. The cantata was presented in costume and with good effect. The singing was very good, especially the choruses.

Henry Irving will play Macbeth in this country next winter.

Patti will receive $4,000 for every night she sings in this country next winter, and a share of the profits when the receipts exceed $10,000 an evening.

TRAGE.

STRIVING.

It is not much that I can do,
My hands are weak·
The lines they draw seem never true;
The words I speak
Are not the ones I long to say—
I speak not prayers I long to pray.

It is no coward spirit, no—
I try to learn
How others bravely fare and go
Rewards to earn,
And yet success is never mine—
I labor on a false design.

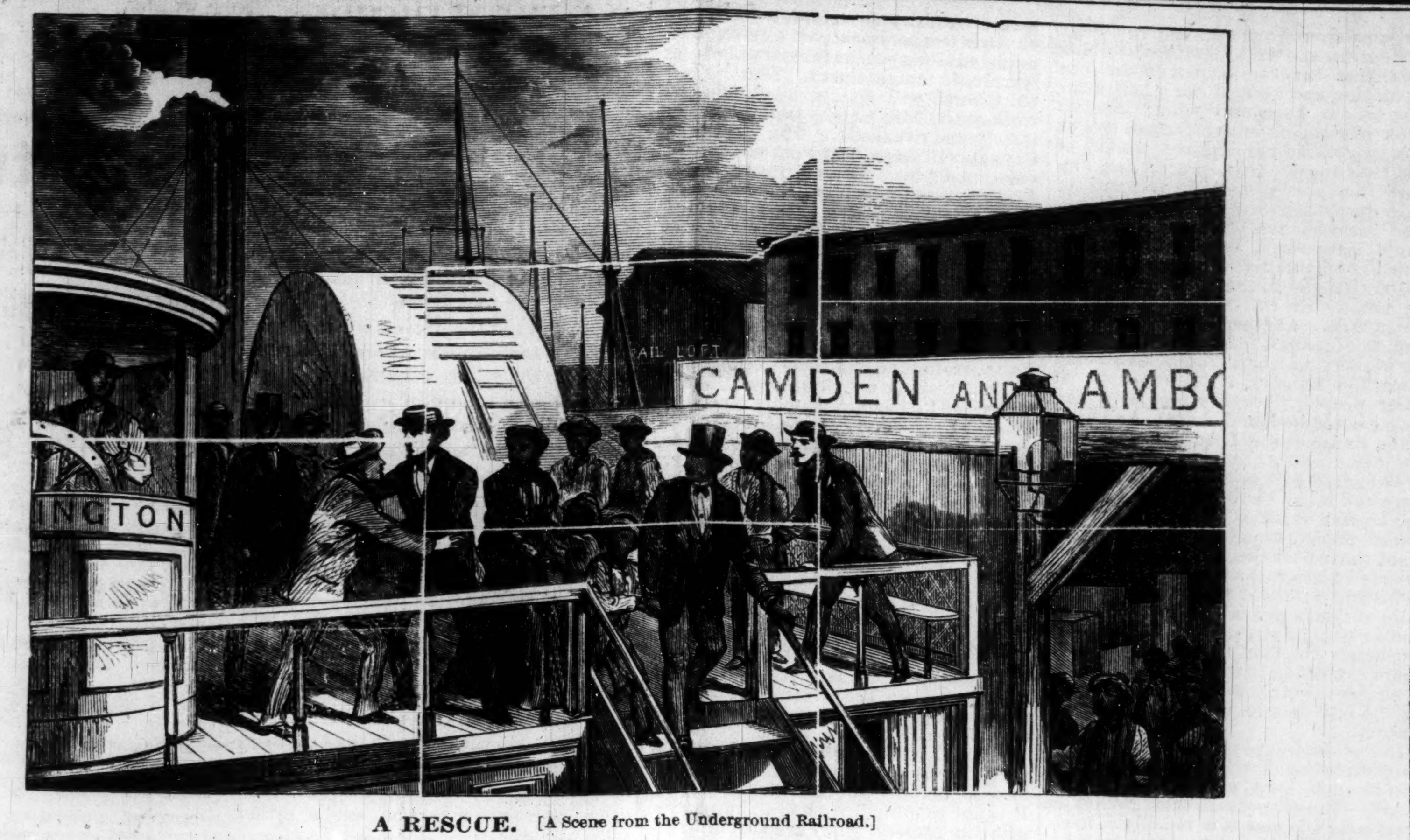
They are not much, these little things
That form my task,
Yet constant seeking never brings
What I would ask,
And of what use is life to one
Who never knew a victory won?

But this one thing I know, that He
Who guides the stars
Will look in charity on me
And see the scars
Which show that I have tried to trace
A path that weeds could not efface.

It Did Not Matter Much.

Foreman (explaining the accident to the owner of the building)—Barney was workin' on the roof, sir, and he slipped and fell the whole four stories, bring'ng the cornice down with him, sir, and breaking both his legs and half his ribs.

Owner—Oh, well, never mind. I intended that cornice to come down, anyhow.



A RESCUE. [A Scene from the Underground Railroad.]

PERSONAL

George Lattimore is one of the best stenographers in New York City.

Mrs. Ida Sawyer Willis succeeds her husband as clerk in the Roster Department at Columbus, O.

Dr. C. A. Blair, of Brunswick, Ga., a colored physician has a large and lucrative white practice.

T. A. Thompson has been elected alderman of Annapolis, Md., also J. W. Simpson, of Harrisburg, Pa.

Messrs. E. S. Smalls and Henry Williams, of Atlanta, Ga., who were removed from the mail service by the democrats, have been reenstated to their old runs.

Mr. C. Patterson has been appointed street commissioner for the consolidated cities of Wyandotte, Armoundale and Kansas City, Kans. The position is responsible and pays well.

Hon. Frederick Douglass, who is now in Georgia, reports the sectional feeling to be rapidly dying out. "In a few more years," he says, "it will be like the wars of the Roses in England."

MY WIFE'S LEGACY.

Chickens Counted That Never Hatched.

Good Housekeeping.

I don't like to calculate upon such things," observed my wife; "but if Aunt Jane were to die, I should not be a bit surprised if she left us that old-fashioned set of silver, that belonged to my great-grandparents."

Out of consideration for the printer, I will omit indications of the emphasis with which she usually spoke. If the reader will kindly consider every second word printed in small caps or italics, he will have some faint idea of her manner of expressing herself.

"It is a very handsome set," I returned, glancing about our modest dining-room; "and will hardly accord with our furniture."

"It wouldn't look at all well on that sideboard," returned my wife, promptly "it is so dreadfully shabby—oh, of course I mean the sideboard, not the silver; don't be so smart."

"I suppose, then, if such a thing were to happen, you'd have to have a new sideboard."

She nodded complacently.

"I saw such a lovely one down-town to-day—antique oak, beautifully carved. I do admire oak so much."

"But the rest of the furniture is walnut," I objected.

"Walnut is altogether out of style, especially for dining-rooms," she replied, with a disdainful glance at the chairs we had once found very good to look at; "and, after all, the sideboard is by so much the most expensive piece of furniture in a dining-room, that it doesn't cost much more to get a whole set than just that one piece. And even a walnut sideboard, now, would not look well with these chairs and this table."

I said nothing, and the tacit surrender was accepted by my wife. Thenceforth it was understood that if Aunt Jane should bequeath us that silver, we were to purchase a new set of dining-room furniture.

The next evening, as we were again at dinner, my wife remarked:

"I have been looking at carpets to-day, and saw one that justs suits me—rich and subdued, you know, but not dingy."

"Carpets?" I repealed, in some surprise; "I didn't know that there was one needed this season."

"Why, stupid," rejoined my wife, petulantly, (and the emphasis was all upon the pet name) "did we not agree that the dining room must be refurnished? And this carpet is so old and worn, of course it would not do at all with new furniture."

Again I acquiesced silently, and she proceeded to make plans for meeting me the next day, to examine and choose the carpet and furniture to be purchased later on. Well, if my wife's relations left her handsome silver, I must, of course, provide things in keeping with it.

She met me according to appointment, and, having inspected the articles, gave me to understand that my taste was so execrable as not to merit a moment's consideration, and announcing her own choice, suggested, coolly:

"And now let's go look at the wall paper."

"Wall paper?" I echoed, blankly.

"Of course; the room must be re-papered if it is re-furnished. As for the woodwork, I suppose there is no help for that—it will just have to be re-grained. Can they make that natural wood finish on wood that has been painted?"

I stared aghast; that silver was going to me a cost pretty sum. But I was helpless—entirely so; my wife had made up her mind.

That evening she was much elated at the prospect of being surrounded by such things as she had that day selected. There was but one cloud on her horizon.

"The dining room will be nicer than the parlors," she remarked, plaintively; "I am afraid that they will really look shabby."

I said nothing, hoping that if she were not contradicted she would not pursue the subject farther.

Vain hope! She had fixed it in her own mind that silence gave consent, and when I came home the next evening, had assumed that the parlors were to be newly fitted up.

"Don't you think," she said, coaxingly, "that as long as the parlors and dining room are to be torn up, and we are to have the painters and paper hangers here, we might as well have the whole house done? It would be very little more trouble, and then it would all look nice together."

"It would be considerably more expensive," I remonstrated, faintly.

"You might draw the money out of the building association," she suggested; and then I knew that our savings in that institution were doomed.

Aunt Jane lingered a long time. In justice to my wife, I must admit that she had become oblivious of the fact that all these improvements depended upon a legacy, which could only be possessed after the death of her venerable relative.

A day or so after she had decided that the house was to be thoroughly renovated, my wife said to me:

"I have been examining the parlor carpets, and I find that by using the best parts of both, and buying a wide border, I can get quite a new carpet for our bed room—absolutely unworn."

"Indeed!" I remarked, with pleased surprise; there was one thing that she would not want, anyhow.

"Yes, and the carpet that is now on it has enough good to cover the children's room, if I put the worn part under the bed. Or maybe I'd better put that on the spare room," she added, reflectively, and give that one to the children. Theirs gets such hard wear that an old one will not last any time, hardly."

I said nothing, but felt greatly relieved.

"As long as we don't have to buy a bedroom carpet," she remarked, insinuatingly, "don't you think we could afford a new set of furniture?"

"No, I don't," I returned savagely; whereupon she burst into tears and called me a heartless monster. To pacify her, I had to promise the furniture, together with a new silk and a sealskin, that the mistress of the house might be as fine as her dwelling.

"It does seem a shame," she said, a few days afterward, "to spend so much money on this house. That's very handsome and expensive paper that we looked at, and to substitute an archway for the folding doors will cost something"—this was the first that I had heard of the archway—"and then those lovely carpets cut up to fit these small rooms too!"

"Yes, it is a shame," I replied, hardly crediting my senses. Not all had been lost, although much had been in danger.

'I am so glad that you think so," returned my wife, briskly; "I was sure that you would agree with me that it would be wiser for us to find a house that suits us better, and buy right away. Real estate is cheap, now, they say—there's so much in the market."

She tried to put on a knowing look; if she had known half as much about that subject as about managing me, I should have felt impressed. As it was, I weakly objected:

"My dear, I don't know where in the world I could get the money to buy a larger and better house—any house at all, in fact."

"You could sell this," she replied, nothing daunted.

"But if real estate is a drug on the market, I do not want to sell," I retorted, thinking cunningly to turn her own weapon upon herself.

"There are those shares of stock, then."

"But that stock is going up daily; if I wait six months, I can get double what it would bring now; or hold it, and draw big interest on my investment."

"Well, what else are you going to do? You said yourself that we must have a larger and better house."

Thereupon I mentally bade a regretful farewell to the stock and the money which I had expected to make by holding it. My wife occupied her leisure time for the next three weeks in looking or a residence which should be in all respects suitable for the furniture we were going to buy. What she would desire next, I could not guess, unless she should become thoroughly dissatisfied with me.

At the end of the period mentioned, I came home one evening to find her in tears.

"Aunt Jane's dead," she sobbed; "the poor old lady died this morning. I have just come from her house."

As Aunt Jane had been at the point of death for the past six months, I was hardly surprised to hear this bit of news. I did my best to comfort my wife, however, and comported myself like a dutiful nephew-in-law at the mournful ceremonies following the death.

When I returned home the day after the funeral, my wife met me at the door, her face flushed, her eyes blazing.

"What do you suppose that old crank has done?" she demanded.

"What old crank?" I inquired, wonderingly.

"Why, Aunt Jane, of course."

"I'm sure I don't know," I returned, mildly; "but you should remember, my dear, that——"

"Oh, I know she's dead. She wouldn't give her things away under any other circumstances. She's left me a hundred dollars in cash, and that dear old silver to my second cousin, John Scott. He'll sell it, and spend every cent on liquor and cigars and horses, I know he will."

Then the blaze in her eyes was quenched by a flood of tears. I did my best to soothe her, but my efforts were useless. I assured her that if her cousin sold the silver, we would buy it.

"I don't want it," she declared; "I won't have it"—very vehemently—"and I won't get a single new thing in the house, or a new dress, or that sealskin, or anything. I'll just stay here with things as they are, and John Scott can keep his silver, and yon can keep your building association money and stock, too. So there, now."

After that, I did not try to assuage her grief; I was afraid that consolation might be costly.

Miss Minnie Taylor, of Schley county, Ga., died Tuesday, a result of swallowing a pin. While dressing Sunday she put the pin in her mouth, to hold, and accidentally swallowed it. It lodged in her throat and all attempts to dislodge it were futile. She died from convulsions after suffering intense agony.

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THIS CENTURY.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE FOR THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

And What Will Follow the Work of the Faithful---The World's Redemption Coming.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday. Text: Revelations xix., 4. He said:

The nineteenth century is departing. After it has taken a few more steps, if each year be a step, it will be gone into the eternities. In a short time we shall be in the last decade of this century, which fact makes the solemnest book outside the Bible the almanac, and the most tremendous piece of machinery in all the earth the clock. The last decade of this century upon which we shall soon enter will be the grandest, mightiest and most decisive decade in all the chronologies. I am glad it is not to come immediately, for we need by a new baptism of the Holy Ghost to prepare for it. That last ten years of the nineteenth century, may we all live to see them! Does any one say that this division of time is arbitrary? Oh, no; in other ages the divisions of time may have been arbitrary, but our years date from Christ. Does any one say that the grouping of ten together is an arrangement arbitrary? Oh, no; next to the figure seven, ten is with God a favorite number. Abraham dwelt ten years in Caanan. Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom. In the ancient tabernacle were ten curtains, their pillars ten and their sockets ten. In the ancient temple were ten lavers, and ten candlesticks, and ten tables, and a molten sea of ten cubits. And the commandments written on the granite of Mount Sinai were ten, and the kingdom of God was likened to ten virgins, and ten men should lay hold of him that was a Jew, and the reward of the greatly faithful is they shall reign over ten cities, and in the effort to take the census of the New Jerusalem the number ten swings around the thousands, crying "ten thousand times ten thousand." So I come to look toward the closing ten years of the nineteenth century with an intensity of interest I can hardly describe.

I have also noticed that the favorite time in many of the centuries for great events was the closing fragment of the century. Is America to be discovered, it must be in the last decade of the fifteenth century, namely 1492. Was free constitutional government to be well established in America, the last years of the eighteenth century must achieve it. Were three cities to be submerged by one pitch of scoriæ. Herculaneum and Strabiæ and Pompeii in the latter part of the first century must go under. The fourth century closed with the most agitating ecclesiastical war of history, Urban the Sixth against Clement the Seventh. Alfred the Great closes the ninth century and Edward Ironsides the eleventh century with their resounding deeds. The sixteenth century closed with the establishment of religious independence in the United Netherlands. Aye, almost every century has had its peroration of overflowing achievements. As the closing years of the centuries seem a favorite time for great scenes of emancipation or disaster, and as the number ten seems a favorite number in the Scriptures, written by divine direction, and as we are soon to enter upon the last ten years of the nineteenth century, what does the world propose? What does the Church of Christ propose? What do the reformers propose? I know not; but now in the presence of this consecrated assembly I propose that we make ready, get all our batteries planted and all our plans well laid in what remains of this decade, and then in the last decade of the nineteenth century march up and take this round world for God.

Is it audacious for me to propose it? Oh, no! A captive servant in the kitchen of Naaman told the Commander-in-Chief where he could get rid of the blotches of his awful leprosy, and his complexion became as fair as a babe's. And didn't Christ, in order to take the opthalmia out of the eyes of the blind man, use a mixture of spittle and dust? And who showed Blucher a short cut for his army so that, instead of taking the regular road by which he would have come up too late, he came up in time to save Waterloo and Europe? Was it not an unknown lad who, perhaps, could not write his own name? And so I, "who am less than the least of all saints," propose a short cut to victory, and am willing to be the expectoration on some blind eye, and tell some of the Brigadier Generals of the Lord of hosts how this leprosied world may in the final decade of the nineteenth century have its flesh come again as the flesh of a little child. Is there anything in prophecy to hinder this speedy consummation? No. Some one begins to quote from Daniel about "time, times and a half time," and takes from Revelation the seven trumpets, blowing them all at once in my ear. But with utmost reverence I take up all the prophecies and hold them toward heaven and say, God never has and never will stop consecrated effort and holy determination and magnificent resolve, and that if the Church of God will rise up to its full work it can make Daniel's time twenty years and his half time ten years. Neither Isaiah, nor Ezekiel, nor Micah, nor Malachi, nor Jeremiah, nor any of the major or minor prophets will hinder us a second. Suppose the Bible had announced the millenium to begin 3889, that would be no hinderance. In one sense God never changes his mind, being the same yesterday, to-day and forever. But in another sense he does change his mind, and times without number every day, and that is when his people pray. Didn't He change His mind about Nineveh? By God's command, Jonah, at the top of his voice, while standing on the steps of the merchants' exchange and the palatial residences of that city, cried out, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown." Was it overthrown in forty days? No. The people gave up their sins and cried for mercy, and though Jonah got mad because his whole course of sermons had been spoiled and went into a disgraceful pouting, we have the record so sublime I can not read it without feeling a nervous chill running through me. "God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way and God repented of the evil that He had said He would do unto them, and He did it not." God is a father, and some of us know what that means, and some time when we have promised chastisement and the child deserved it, the little darling has put her arms around our neck and expresses such sorrow and such promises of doing better that her tears landed on the lips of our kiss, and we held her a half hour after on our knee and would as soon think of slapping an angel in the face as of even striking her with the weight of our little finger. God is a father, and while he has promised this world scourgings, though they were for a thousand years or five thousand years, he would, if the world repented, substitute benediction and divine caress.

God changed his mind about Sodom six times. He had determined on its destruction. Abraham asked Him if He would not spare it if fifty righteous people were found there; and, narrowing down the number, if forty people; if thirty people; if twenty people; if ten people could be found there. And each of the six times the Lord answered yes. Oh, why didn't Abraham go on just two steps further and say if five be found there and it one be found there, for then for the sake of Lot, it's one good citizen, I think Sodom would have been spared. Eight times does the Bible say that God repented when he had promised punishments and withheld the stroke. Was it a slip of Paul's pen when he spoke of God's cutting short the work in righteousness? No, Paul's pen never slipped. There is nothing in the way of prophecy to hinder the crusades I have proposed for the last decade of the nineteenth century.

The whole trouble is that we put off the completion of the world's redemption to such long and indefinite distances. The old proverb that "What is everybody's business is nobody's business," might be changed a little and be made truthfully to say what is the Gospel business of all the ages is the Gospel business of this age. We are so constituted that we can not get much enthusiasm about something five hundred years from now or a thousand years from now. We are fighting at too long a range. That gun called a "Swamp Angel" was a nuisance. It shot six miles but it hardly ever hit anything. It did its chief destructive work when it burst and killed those who were setting it off. Short range is the effective kind of work, whether it be for worldly or religious purpose. Some man with his eyes half shut drones out to me the Bible quotation: "A thousand years are as one day;" that is, ten centuries are not long for the Lord. But why do you not quote the previous sentence, which says that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years? That is, he could do the work of ten centuries in twenty-four hours. The mightiest obstacle to Christian work is the impression that the world's evangelization is away off. And we take the telescope and look on and on through centuries until we see two objects near each other and we strain our vision and guess what they are and we call great conventions to guess what they are, and we get down our heaviest theological works and balance our telescope on the lid and look and look and finally conclude that they are two beasts that we see, and the one has hair and the other has wool, and we guess it must be the lion and the lamb lying down together. In that great cradle of postponment and somnolence we rock the church as though it were an impatient child and say, "Hush, my dear, don't be impatient! Don't get excited by revivals! Don't cry! Your Father's coming! Don't get uneasy! He will be here in two or three or ten or twenty thousand years." And we act as though we thought that when Macaulay's famous New Zealander in the far distance is seated on a broken arch of London Bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul's his grandchild might break in and jolt his pencil by asking him if he thought the millenium would ever appear. Men and women of the enternal God! Sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty! We may have it start in the decade that is soon to commence, and it will be done if we can persuade the people between now and then to get ready for the work. What makes me think it can be done. First, because God is ready. dy. He needs no longer persuasion to do his work, for if He is not willing that any should perish, He is not willing that any of the people of the next decade shall perish; and the whole Bible is a chime of bells ringing out "Come, come, come," and you need not go round the earth to find out how much He wants the world to come, but just to walk around one stripped and bare and leafless tree with two branches, not arched, but horizontal. But He is waiting, as He said He would, for the co-operation of the church. When we are ready God is ready. And He certainly has all the weaponry ready to capture this world for the truth, all the weapons of kindness or devastation. On the one hand the Gospel and sunshine and power to orchardize and gardenize the earth, and fountains swinging in rainbow and Chatsworthian verdure and aromas poured out of the vials of heaven, while, on the other hand, he has the weaponry of devastation, thunderbolt and conflagration and forces planetary, solar, lunar, stellar or meteoric, that with loose rein thrown on the neck for a second would leave constellations and galaxies so many split and shivered wheels on the boulevards of heaven. And that God is on our side. All on our side. Blessed be His glorious name! Blessed was the hour when through Jesus Christ my sinful soul made peace with Him!

If you continue to ask me why I think that the world can be saved in the final decade of the nineteenth century I reply because it is not a great undertaking, considering the number of workers that will go at it, if once persuaded it can be done. We have sifted the five hundred million of workers down to four hundred million and three hundred million and two hundred million and one hundred million and to fifty million. I went to work to cipher out how many souls that number could bring to God in ten years if each one brought a soul every year, and if each soul so brought should bring another each succeeding year. I found out, aided by a professor in mathematics, that we did not need anything like such a number of workers enlisted. You see it is simply a question of mathematics and in geometrical progression. Another reason why I know it can be done is that we may divide the work up among the denominations. God does not ask any one denomination to do the work or any dozen denominations. The work can be divided and is being divided up, not geographically but according to the temperaments of the human family. We cannot say to one denomination, you take Persia, and another, you take China, and another, you take India, because there are all styles of temperaments in all nations. And some denominations are especially adapted to work with people of sanguine temperament, or phlegmatic temperament, or choleric temperament, or bilious temperament, or nervous temperament, or lymphatic temperament. The Episcopal Church will do its most effective work with those who by taste prefer the stately and ritualistic. The Methodist Church will do its best work among the emotional and demonstrative. The Presbyterian Church will do its best work among those who like strong doctrine and the stately service softened by the emotional. So each denomination will have certain kinds of people whom it will especially affect. So let the work be divided up. There are the seven hundred and fifty thousand Christians of the Presbyterian Church, north, and other hundreds of thousands in the Presbyterian Church south, and all foreign Presbyterians, more especially Scotch, English and Irish, making, I guess, about two million Presbyterians; the Methodist Church is still larger; the Church of England, on both sides the sea, still larger, and many other denominations as much, if not more, consecrated than any I have mentioned. Divide up the world's evangelization among these denominations after they are persuaded it can be done before the nineteenth century is dead and the last Hottentot, the last Turk, the last Japanese, the last American, the last European, the last Asiatic, the last African will see the salvation of God before he sees the opening gates of the twentieth century.

Again, I feel the whole world can be saved in the time specified, because we have all manner of machinery requisite. It is not as though we had to build the printing presses. They are all built and running day and night, those printing religious papers (925 of those religious papers in this country), those printing religious tracts and those printing religious books. And thousands of printing presses now in the service of the devil could be brought and set to work in the service of God. Why was the printing press invented? To turn out bill-heads and circulars of patent medicines, and tell the news which in three weeks will be of no importance? From the old-time Franklin printing press on up to the Lord Stanhope's press and the Washington press and the Victory press to Hoe's perfecting printingpress that machine has been improving for its best work and its final work, namely, the publication of the glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. We have the presses, or can have them before the first of January, when the new decade is to begin, to put a Bible in the hand of every son and if such person can not read we can have a colporteur, an evangelist or missionary to read it to him or her.

But this brings me to the adjoining thought—namely, we have the money to do the work. I mean the fifty millions of Christians have it. Aye, the two million seven hundred and fifty-four thousand Christians have it, and the dam which is beginning to leak will soon break, and there will be rushing floods of hundreds and millions and billions of dollars in holy contribution when you persuade the wealthy men of the kingdom of God that the speedy conversion of the world is a possibility, and that Isaiah and Ezekiel and Daniel and St. John will not stand in the way of it, but help it on. I have no sympathy with this bombardment of rich men. We would each one be worth $5,000,000 if we could, and by hard persuasion might perhaps be induced to take $10,000,000. Almost every paper I take tells us of some wealthy man who has endowed a college or built a church or a hospital or a free library, and that thing is going to multiply until the treasury of all our denominations and reformatory organizations will be overwhelmed with munificence if we can persuade our men of wealth that the world's evangelization is possible, and that they may live to see it with their own eyes.

Again, I think that the world's evangelization can be achieved in the time specified because we have already the theological institutions necessary for work.

Let us take what remains of this decade to get ready for the final decade of the nineteenth century. You and I may not live to see that decade, or may not live to see its close, but that shall not hinder me form declaring the magnificent possibility. I confess that the mistake of my life has been, not that I did not work hard--for I could not have worked harder and lived, as God knows and my family know—but that I have not worked under the realization that the salvation of this world was a near-by possibility. But whether we see it, the beginning or the closing of that decade, is of no importance, if only that decade can get the coronation, and then all decades shall kneel before this enthroned decade, and even the gray-grown centuries will cast their crowns before it and it will be the most honored decade between the time when the morning stars sang together as the libretto of worlds was opened and the time when the mighty angel, robed in cloud and garlanded in rainbow, shall with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land swear by Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer. Alleluia! Amen!

Lassoed by a Bad Man.

Salida (Col.) Special Denver Republican.

Henderson Todd made an attack on Sam Kipper at Poncha Springs, a few miles from Salida, last night. The origin of the trouble is not known, but it is thought to be an old "score." After Todd had beaten and bit Kipper pretty badly Mr. James Browning stepped up and pulled Todd oft.

After this those who saw the "scrap" thought it was all over, but were surprised at the appearance of Todd mounted on his horse and with a lasso in his hand. He had no sooner been observed than he gave his rope a sling and lodged the hoop around Mr. Browning and started down the street at a rapid gait, dragging the man several hundred yards, when some citizens caught the rope and cut it, thus releasing the unfortunate man, who wa badly hurt. Todd was not satisfied with his work, and, when the citizens turned to go home with the injured man, Todd slipped up and threw his lasso at Browning again, catching the tail of his coat and tearing it oft. He then ran off toward the mountains. Mr. Browning is a highly respected business man of Poncha.

Ancient fruit—Chestnuts.

AN UNLUCKY VALENTINE.

A Father Who Did Not Speak to His Daughter for Fifty Years.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Fifty years ago James Martin, well-to-do farmer living near Ballietville, refused to purchase his fifteen-year-old daughter a dress that she very much coveted on the plea that he could not afford it. It was a few days before St. Valentine's Day. The daughter was a quick tempered girl and took her father's refusal to purchase her the dress much to heart. On St. Valentine's Day, Farmer Martin took from the village postoffice a valentine addressed to him in his daughter's handwriting. It was a rough caricature, preresenting a miser counting and gloating over his money. There lived in the neighborhood a man of that kind. He had a niece whom he treated brutally. When Farmer Martin looked at his valentine he showed it to his wife, simply remarking that he had not expected such a bitter and uncalled for insult from their child.

Mr. Martin took the girl to task about it. The daughter at once declared that she had not sent the valentine to her father, but, on the contrary, had mailed him a very complimentary one, entitled "The Honest Farmer," it having been her custom ever since she was a little child to send him a valentine every year. The old miser's niece had obtained the valentine Farmer Martin received to send to her uncle. Farmer Martin's daughter was with her when she bought it. The two girls had sealed their valentines at the same time, and the Martin girl took them both and addressed them. In doing so she got them mixed and sent the miser's valentine to her father.

In spite of all explanations, Farmer Martin could not be brought to believe his daughter's story. From that day he never spoke to her. She married and lived on a farm adjoining her father's. With her husband and her children Farmer Martin was on the kindest and most familiar terms, but he never noticed his daughter. Last week he died. He left an estate valued at $45,000. To his aged widow he left $30,000. To his son-in-law he bequeathed the remainder of the estate, provided he survived his wife, the farmer's daughter. If the son-in-law died first then the $15,000 was to be divided among his three children. To his daughter, Farmer Martin bequeathed "a package to be found in his trunk, tied with a green ribbon and sealed with green wax." When this was opened it was found to be the unfortunate valentine that had caused the extraordinary estrangement of the farmer and his daughter fifty years ago.

ANTS AS PICKLES.

Big Black Insects Eaten as a Relish by Maine Lumbermen.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Should a Maine lumberman find a stump or rotton log with thousands of big black ants in it he scoops the torrid insects from their winter domicile and fills his dinner pail with them. When he gets back to his cabin at night he sets the pail in a cool place until his supper is ready, then brings it forth, and while helping himself to pork and beans, helps himself also to ants. There is no accounting for tastes, and he esteems a handful of ants a very choice morsel.

Ants are said by those who have tasted them to have a peculiarly agreeable, strongly acid flavor. The woodsmen, whose food consists largely of salted meat, baked beans and similar hearty victuals, naturally have a craving for something sour.

"Ants are the very best of pickles," said an old "logger," who confessed to having devoured thousands of them. "They are cleanly insects, and there is no reason why they should not be eaten if one can get over a little squeamishness caused by the thought of taking such crawling things into his stomach. There is nothing repulsive about them, and when a man has once learned to eat the creatures as pickles he prefers them to any other kind."

Severe Self-Judgment.

Peoria Democrat.

A Pontiac little boy was told at Sunday school that when he died he would leave his body here. After returning home he was much troubled in regard to it and he questioned his parents. His mother explained by saying: "You will take all the good with you, but leave all that is naughty here below."

He thought a moment, and, looking up, said: "Well, I guess I'll be awfully thin when I get there."

Not Generally Known.

Seamless boiler tubes are now made from solid ingots of metal by a process that twists and stretches the fibers, and is said to make a tube much stronger than the ordinary ones.

Frenchmen of science have produced artificial emeralds by fusing silica, alumna and glucina with traces of oxide of chromium with acid molydate of lithia at a temperature of 600° to 700° for fifteen days.

A mechanical paper calls attention to the fact that the combination of sawdust and flour, or sawdust and starch, sometimes recommended for covering steam or hot air pipes, is very combustible.

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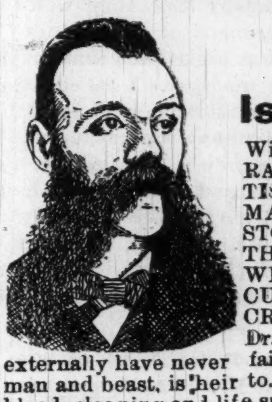

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KING SOLOMON'S MINES.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

IN THE MINES.

Sometimes the stalactites took strange forms, presumably where the dropping of the water had not always been on the same spot. Thus, one huge mass, which must have weighed a hundred tons or so, was in the form of a pulpit, beautifully fretted over outside with what looked like lace. Others resembled strange beasts, and on the sides of the cave were fan-like ivory tracings, such as the frost leaves upon a pane.

Out of the vast main aisle, there opened here and there smaller caves, exactly, Sir Henry said, as chapels open out of great cathedrals. Some were large, but one or two—and this is a wonderful instance of how nature carries out her handiwork by the same unvarying laws, utterly irrespective of size—were tiny. One little nook, for instance, was no larger than an unusually big doll's house, and yet it might have been the model of the whole place, for the water dropped, the tiny icicles hung, and the spar columns were forming in just the same way.

We had not, however, as much time to examine this beautiful place as thoroughly as we should have to do, for unfortunately Gagool seemed to be indifferent to stalactites, and only anxious to get her business over. This annoyed me the more, as I was particularly anxious to discover, if possible, by what system the light was admitted into the place, and whether it was by the hand of man or of nature that this was done, also if it had been used in any way in ancient times, as seemed probable. However, we consoled ourselves with the idea that we would examine it thoroughly on our return and followed on after our uncanny guide.

On she led us, straight to the top of the vast and silent cave, where we found another door way, not arched as the first was, but square at the top, something like the door ways of Egyptian temples.

"Are ye prepared to enter the Place of Death?" asked Gagool, evidently with a view to making us feel uncomfortable.

"Lead on, Macduff," said Good, solemnly, trying to look as though he was not at all alarmed, as indeed did we all except Foulata, who caught Good by the arm for protection.

"This is getting rather ghastly," said Sir Henry, peeping into the dark door way. "Come on, Quatermain—seniorrs priores. Don't keep the old lady waiting," and he politely made way for me to lead the van, for which I inwardly did not bless him.

Tap, tap, went old Gagool's stick down the passage, as she trotted along, chuckling hideously; and still overcome by some unaccountable presentment of evil, I hung back.

"Come, get on, old fellow," said Good, "or we shall lose our fair guide."

Thus adjured, I started down the passage, and after about twenty paces found myself in a gloomy apartment some forty feet long, by thirty broad, and thirty high, which in some past age had evidently been hollowed, by hand labor, out of the mountain. This apartment was not nearly so well lighted as the vast stalactite ante cave and at the first glance all I could make out was a massive stone table running its length, with a colossal white figure at its head, and life sized white figures all around it. Next I made out a brown thing, seated on the table in the center, and in another moment my eyes grew accustomed to the light and I saw what all these things were, and I was tailing out of it as hard as my legs would carry me. I am not a nervous man, in a general way, and very little troubled with superstitions, of which I have lived to see the folly; but I am free to own that that sight quite upset me, and had it not been that Sir Henry caught me by the collar and held me, I do honestly believe that in another five minutes I should have been outside that stalactite cave, and that the promise of all the diamonds in Kimberley would not have induced me to enter it again. But he held me tight, so I stopped because I could not help myself. But next second his eyes got accustomed to the light, too, and he let go of me, and began to mop the perspiration off his forehead. As for Good he swore feebly, and Foulata threw her arms round his neck and shrieked.

Only Gagool chuckled loud and long.

It was a ghastly sight. There at the end of the long stone table, holding in his skeleton fingers a great white spear, sat Death himself, shaped in the form of a colossal human skeleton, fifteen feet or more in height. High above his head he held the spear, as though in the act to strike; one bony hand rested on the stone table before him, in the position a man assumes on rising from his seat, whilst his frame was bent forward so that the vertebræ of the neck, and the grinning, gleaming skull projected toward us, and fixed its hollow eye-places upon us, the jaws a little open, as though it were about to speak.

"Great heavens!" said I, faintly, at last, "what can it be?"

"And what are those things?" said Good, pointing to the white company round that table.

"Hee! hee! hee!" laughed Gagool. "To those who enter the Hall of the Dead, evil comes. Hee! hee! hee! ha! ha!

"Come, Incubu, brave in battle, come and see him thou slewest," and the old creature caught his coat in her skinny fingers, and led him away toward the table. We followed.

Presently she stopped and pointed at the brown object seated on the table. Sir Henry looked, and started back with an exclamation; and no wonder, for there, seated, quite naked, on the table, the head which Sir Henry's battleax had shorn from the body resting on its knees, was the gaunt corpse of Twala, last king of the Kukuanas. Yes, there, the head perched upon the knees, it sat in all its ugliness, the vertebræ projecting a full inch above the level of the shrunken flesh of the neck, for all the world like a black double of Hamilton Tighe. Over the whole surface of the corpse there was gathered a thin, glassy film, which made its appearance yet more appalling, and for which we were, at the moment, quite unable to account, till we presently observed that from the roof of the chamber the water fell steadily, drip! drop! drip! on to the neck of the corpse, from whence it ran down over the entire surface, and finally escaped into the rock through a tiny hole in the table. Then I guessed what it was—Twala's body was being transformed into a stalactite.

A look at the white forms seated on the stone bench that ran around that ghastly board confirmed this view. They were human forms, indeed, or rather had been human forms; now they were stalactites. This was the way in which the Kukuana people had from time immemorial preserved their royal dead. They petrified them. What the exact system was, if there was any, beyond placing them for a long period of years under the drip, I never discovered, but there they sat, iced over and preserved forever by the silicious fluid. Anything more awe-inspiring than the spectacle of this long line of departed royalties, wrapped in a shroud of ice-like spar, through which the features could be dimly made out (there were twenty-seven of them, the last being Ignosi's father), and seated round tha inhospitable board, with Death himself for a host, it is impossible to imagine. That the practice of thus preserving their kings must have been an ancient one is evident from the number, which, allowing for an average reign of fifteen years, would, supposing that every king who reigned was placed here—an improbable thing, as some are sure to have perished in battle far from home—fix the date of its commencement at four and a quarter centuries back. But the colossal Death, who sits at the head of the board, is far older than that, and unless I am much mistaken, owes his origin to the same artist who designed the three colossi. He was hewn out of a single stalactite, and, looked at as a work of art was most admirably conceived and executed. Good, who understood anatomy declared that so far as he could see the anatomical design of the skeleton was perfect down to the smallest bones.

My own idea is, that this terrific object was a freak of fancy on the part of some old-world sculptor, and that its presence had suggested to the Kukuanas the idea of placing their royal dead under its awful presidency. Or perhaps it was placed there to frighten away any marauders who might have designs upon the treasure chamber beyond. I can not say. All I can do is to describe it as it is, and the reader must form his own conclusion.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOLOMON'S TREASURE-CHAMBER.

While we had been engaged in getting over our fright, and in examining the grisly wonders of the place, Gagool had been differently occupied. Somehow or other—for she was marvelously active when she chose—she had scrambled on to the great table, and made her way to where our departed friend Twala was placed, under the drip, to see, suggested Good, how he was "pickling," or for some dark purpose of her own. Then she came hobbling back, stopping now and again to address a remark (the tenor of which I could not catch) to one or other of the shrouded forms, just as you or I might greet an old acquaintance. Having gone through this mysterious and horrible ceremony, she squatted down on the table immediately under the white Death, and began, so far as I could make out, to offer up prayers to it. The spectacle of this wicked old creature pouring out supplications (evil ones, no doubt) to the arch-enemy of mankind, was so uncanny that it caused us to hasten our inspection. "Now, Gagool," said I, in a low voice—somehow one did not dare to speak above a whisper in that place—"lead us to the chamber."

The old creature promptly scrambled down off the table.

"My lords are not afraid?" she said, leering up into my face.

"Lead on."

"Good, my lords;" and she hobbled round to the back of the great Death. "Here is the chamber; let my lords light the lamp and enter," and she placed the gourd full of oil upon the floor, and leaned herself against the side of the cave. I took out a match, of which we still had a few in a box, and lit the rush wick, and then looked for the door-way, but there was nothing before us but the solid rock. Gagool grinned. "The way is there, my lords."

"Do not jest with us," I said, sternly.

"I jest not, my lords. See!" and she pointed at the rock.

As she did so, on holding up the lamp we preceived that a mass of stone was slowly rising from the floor and vanishing into the rock above, where doubtless there was a cavity prepared to receive it. The mass was of the width of a good-sized door, about ten feet high and not less than five thick. It must have weighed at least twenty or thirty tons, and was clearly moved upon some simple balance principle, probably the same as that upon which the opening and shutting of an ordinary modern window is arranged. How the principle was set in motion, of course none of us saw; Gagool was careful to avoid that; but I have little doubt that there was some very simple lever, which was moved ever so little by pressure on a secret spot, thereby throwing additional weight on the hidden counterbalances, and causing the whole huge mass to be lifted from the ground. Very slowly and gently the great stone raised itself, still at last it had vanished altogether, and a dark hole presented itself to us in the place which it had filled.

Our excitement was so intense, as we saw the way to Solomon's treasure chamber at last open, that I for one began to tremble and shake. Would it prove a hoax after all, I wondered, or was old Da Silvestra right? and were there vast hoards of wealth stored in that dark place, hoards which would make us the richest men in the whole world? We should know in a minute or two.

"Enter, white men from the stars," said Gagool, advancing into the door way; "but first hear your servant, Gagool the old. The bright stones that ye will see were dug out of the pit over which the Silent Ones are set, and stored here, I know not by whom. But once has this place been entered since the time that those who stored the stones departed in haste, leaving them behind. The report of the treasure went down among the people who lived in the country from age to age, but none knew where the chamber was, nor the secret of the door. But it happened that a white man reached this country from over the mountains, perchance he too came from the stars, and was well received of the king of the day. He it is who sits yonder," and she pointed to the fifth king at the table of the dead. "And it came to pass that he and a woman of the country who was with him came to this place and that by chance the woman learned the secret of the door—a thousand years might ye search, but ye should never find it. Then the white man entered with the woman, and found the stones, and filled with stones the skin of a small goat, which the woman had with her to hold food. And as he was going from the chamber he took up one more stone, a large one, and held it in his hand." Here she paused.

"Well," I asked, breathless with interest as we all were, "what happened to Da Silvestra?"

The old hag started at the mention of the name.

"How knowest thou the dead man's name?" she asked, sharply; and then, without waiting for an answer, went on—

"None knew what happened; but it came about that the white man was frightened, for he flung down the goat skin, with the stones, and fled out with only the one stone in his hand, and that the king took, and it is the stone that thou, Macumazahn, didst take from Twala's brows."

"Have none entered here since?" I asked, peering again down the dark passage.

"None, my lords. Only the secret of the door hath been kept, and every king hath opened it, though he hath not entered. There is a saying that those who enter there will die within a moon, even as the white man died in the cave upon the mountain, where ye found him, Macumazahn. Ha! ha! mine are true words."

Our eyes met as she said it, and I turned sick and cold. How did the old hag know all these things?

"Enter, my lords. If I speak the truth the goat skins with the stones will lie upon the floor; and if there is truth as to whether it is death to enter here, that will ye learn afterward. Ha! ha! ha!" And she hobbled through the door way, bearing the light with her; but I confess that once more I hesitated about following.

"Oh, confound it all!" said Good, "here goes. I am not going to be frightened by that old devil;" and followed by Foulata, who, however, evidently did not like the job, for she was shivering with fear, he plunged into the passage after Gagool—an example which we quickly followed.

A few yards down the passage, in the narrow way hewn out of the living rock, Gagool had paused and was waiting for us.

"See, my lords," she said, holding the light before her, "those who stored the treasure here fled in haste, and bethought them to guard against any one who should find the secret of the door, but had not the time," she pointed to large square blocks of stone, which had, to the height of two courses (about two feet three), been placed across the passage with a view to walling it up. Along the side of the passage were similar blocks ready for use, and most curious of all, a heap of mortar and a couple of trowels, which, so far as we had time to examine them, appeared to be of a similar shape and make to those used by workman to this day.

Here Foulata, who had throughout been in a state of great fear and agitation, said that she felt faint and could go no further, but would wait there. Accordinly we set her down on the unfinished wall, placing the basket of provisions by her side, and let her to recover.

Following the passage for about fifteen paces further we suddenly came to an elaborately painted wooden door. It was standing wide open. Whoever was last there had either not had the time, or had forgotten, to shut it.

Across the threshold lay a skin bag, formed of a goat-skin, that appeared to be full of pebbles.

"Hee! hee! white men," sniggered Gagool, as the light from the lamp fell upon it. "What did I tell ye, that the white man who came here fled in haste, and dropped the woman's bag—behold it!"

Good stooped down and lifted it. It was heavy and jingled

"By Jove! I believe it's full of diamonds," he said, in an awed whisper; and, indeed, the idea of a small goat-skin full of diamonds is enough to awe anybody.

"Go on," said Sir Henry, impatiently. "Here, old lady, give me the lamp," and taking it from Gagool's hand, he stepped through the door way and held it high above his head.

We pressed in after him, forgetful, for the moment, of the bag of diamonds, and found ourselves in Solomon's treasure chamber.

At first, all that the somewhat faint light revealed was a room hewn out of the living rock, and apparently not more than ten feet square. Next there came into sight, stored one on the other as high as the roof, a splendid collection of elephant tusks. How many of them there were we did not know, for of course we could not see how far they went back, but there could not have been less than the ends of four or five hundred tusks of the first quality visible to our eyes. There, alone, was enough ivory to make a man wealthy for life. Perhaps, I thought, it was from this very store that Solomon drew his material for his "great throne of ivory," of which there was not the like made in any kingdom.

On the opposite side of the chamber were about a score of wooden boxes something like Martini-Henry ammunition boxes, only rather larger, and painted red.

"There are the diamonds," cried I; "bring the light."

Sir Henry did so, holding it close to the top box, of which the lid, rendered rotten by time even in that dry place, appeared to have been smashed in, probably by Da Silvestra himself. Pushing my hand through the hole in the lid I drew it out full, not of diamonds, but of gold pieces, of a shape that none of us had seen before, and with what looked like Hebrew characters stamped upon them.

"Ah!" I said, replacing the coin, "we sha'n't go back empty handed, anyhow. There must be a couple of thousand pieces in each box, and there are eighteen boxes. I suppose it was the money to pay the workmen and merchants."

"Well," put in Good, "I think that is the lot; I don't see any diamonds, unless the old Portuguese put them all into this bag."

"Let my lords look yonder where it is darkest, if they would find the stones," said Gagool, interpreting our looks. "There my lords will find a nook, and three stone chests in the nook, two sealed and one open."

Before interpreting this to Sir Henry, who had the light, I could not resist asking how she knew these things, if no one had entered the place since the white man, generations ago.

"Ah, Macumazahn, who watched by night," was the mocking answer, "ye who live in the stars, do ye not know that some have eyes that can see through rock?"

"Look in that corner, Curtis," I said, indicating the spot Gagool had pointed out.

"Hello, you fellows," he said, "here's a recess. Great heavens! look here.

We hurried up to where he was standing in a nook, something like a small bow window. Against the wall of this recess were placed three stone chests, each about two feet square. Two were fitted with stone lids, the lid of the third rested against the side of the chest, which was open.

"Look," he repeated hoarsely, holding the lamp over the open chest. We looked, and for a moment could make nothing out, on account of a silvery sheen that dazzled us. When our eyes got used to it we saw that the chest was three-parts full of uncut diamonds, most of them of considerable size. Stooping, I picked some up. Yes, there was no mistake about it, there was the unmistakable soapy feel about them.

I fairly gasped as I dropped them.

"We are the richest men in the whole world," I said. "Monte Cristo is a fool to us."

"We shall flood the market with diamonds," said Good.

"Got to get them there first," suggested Sir Henry.

And we stood with pale faces and stared at each other, with the lantern in the middle, and the glimmering gems below, as though we were conspirators about to commit a crime, instead of being, as we thought, the three most fortunate men on earth.

"Hee! hee! hee!" went old Gagool behind us, as she flitted about like a vampire bat. "There are the bright stones that ye love, white men, as many as ye will; take them, run them through your fingers, eat them, hee! hee! drink them, ha! ha!"

There was something so ridiculous at that moment to my mind in the idea of eating and drinking diamonds, that I began to laugh outrageously, an example which the others followed, without knowing why. There we stood and shrieked with laughter over the gems which were ours, which had been found for us thousands of years ago by the patient delvers in the great hole yonder, and stored for us by Solomon's long-dead overseer, whose name, perchance, was written in the characters stamped on the faded wax that yet adhered to the lids of the chest. Solomon never got them, nor David, nor Da Silvestra, nor anybody else. We had got them; there before us were millions of pounds worth of diamond, and thousands of pounds worth of gold and ivory, only waiting to be taken sway.

Suddenly the fit passed off and we stopped laughing.

"Open the other chests, white men," croaked Gagool, "there are surely more therein. Take your fill, white lords!"

Thus adjured, we set to work to pull up the stone lids on the other two, first—not without a feeling of sacrilege—breaking the seals that fastened them.

Hooray! they were full, too, full to the brim: at least, the second one was; no Da Silvestra had been filling goat skins out of that. As for the third chest, it was only about a fourth full, but the stones were all picked ones; none less than twenty carats, and some of them as large as pigeon eggs. Some of these biggest ones, however, we could see by holding them up to the light, were a little yellow, "off-colored," as they call it at Kimberley.

What we did not see, however, was the look of fearful malevolence that old Gagool favored us with as she crept, crept like a snake, out of the treasure-chamber and down the passage toward the massive door of sold rock.

* * * * * * *

Hark! Cry upon cry comes ringing up the vaulted path. It is Foulata's voice! "Oh, Bougwan! help! help! the rock falls!"

"Leave go, girl! Then—"

"Help! help! she has stabbed me!"

By now we are running down the passage, and this is what the light from the lamp falls on. The door of rock is slowly closing down; it is not three feet from the floor. Near it struggle Foulata and Gagool. The red blood of the former runs to her knee, but still the brave girl holds the old witch, who fights like a wild cat. Ah! she is free! Foulata falls, and Gagool throws herself on the ground, to twist herself like a snake through the crack of the closing stone. She is under—ah, God! too late! too late! The stone nips her, and she yells in agony. Down, down, it comes, all the thirty tons of it, slowly pressing her old body against the rock below. Shriek upon shriek, such as we never heard, then a long, sickening crunch, and the door was shut just as we, rushing down the passage, hurled ourselves against it.

It was all done in four seconds.

[Continued nsxt week]

A Professional Appeal.

Medical Gazette.

The following letter was received by a physician from a man, whom he knew, practising medicine and desiring counsel: "dear Dock 1 have a pashunt whose physical sines shows that the wind-pipe has ulcerated off and his lungs have drop down into his stumick i have given hym everry thin without efeckt her father is welthy honable and influenshai as he is member of assembly and god nose i don't want to loos hym what shall I do ans by return male. Yours frat."

Not to Be Outdone by an Englishman.

Chicago Tribune.

Literary Celebrity (acknowledging introduction to fellow author warmly)—I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Haggard.

Fellow Author (with some haughtiness)—My name is Haggard, Mr. Howells.

Literary Celebrity (coldly polite)—Call me Howells, if you please.

Good Reasons.

Harper's Young People.

"Tommy," said his mother, "do you think you'll get a prize at school for being good?"

"No, 'm," said Tommy.

"Why not, sir?" asked his father, sternly, laying down his paper.

"Because they don't give any," answered Tommy, meekly.

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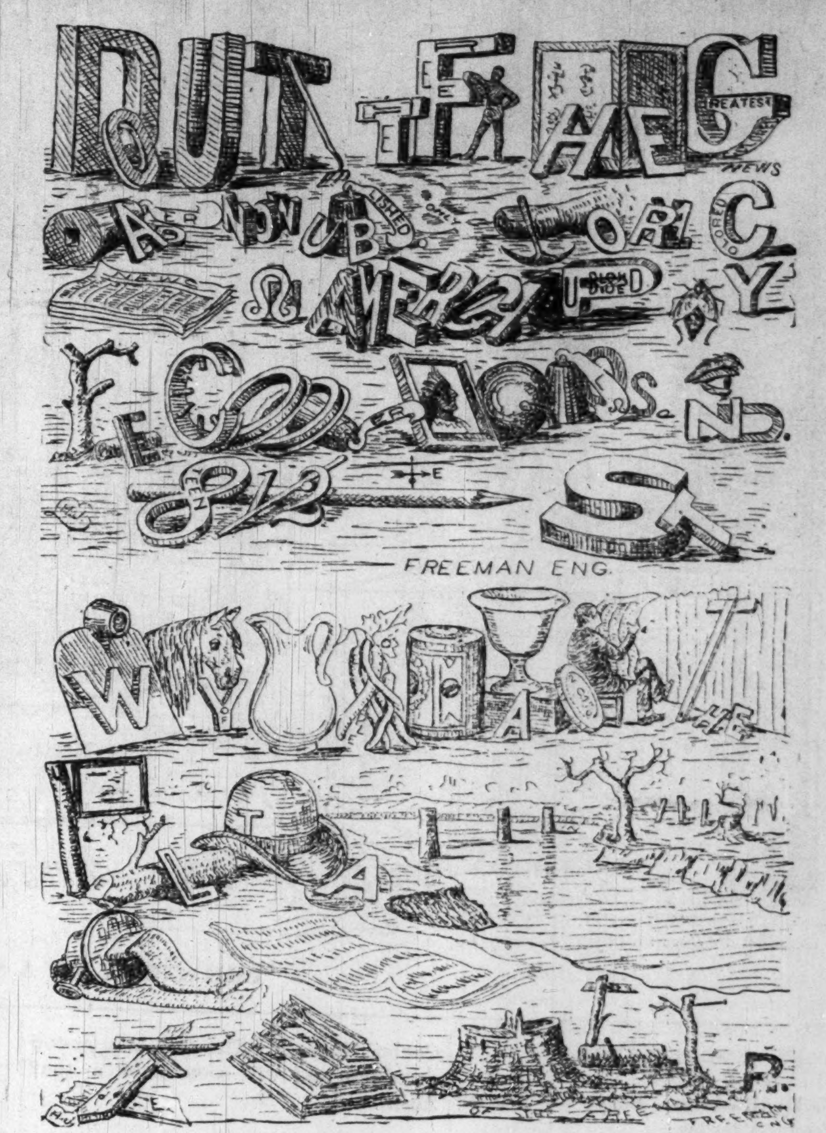

Will be given to any Subscriber who reads the following Rebus correctly by the First of May.

THE FREEMAN REBUS.

In order to increase the circulation of **The Freeman** we have decided to give the first five persons who **Read The Freeman's Rebus Correctly** by the first of May **$2.50 in Gold** and the next ten $1.00 in Gold and to all who come after these a 6 month subscription to **The Freeman.** Solutions will be filed as received whether right or wrong, with Name, Address and Date, immediately after May 1st the corcect solution will be published and the names of all sending in correct solutions, and forwarded to each party that has sent in a solution. The gold will be sent at the same time to each party properly reading the rebus. Persons sending in solutions must **Enclose 50c** for each solution, this will pay a two months subscription, so should you fail in the solution you will get **The Freeman** for two months at any rate. You may send as many different solutions as you wish that is you may read the rebus different ways, but for each solution you must send 50c. Where two solutions are sent in from the same family we will send one copy of **The Freeman** for four months instead of two copies for two months; for three solutions from one family we will send **The Freeman** six months; for four solutions, eight months, for five, ten months, for six, twelve months, etc. etc What we want is to get **The Freeman** in every home and for this purpose are giving these prizes in gold. The rebus is easily read, and we hope each person getting a gold piece will endeavor to do us that amount of good by showing **The Freeman** to their friends and getting us up a club, when it is possible. Send in your solution to the rebus as soon as possible and get the benefit of reading **The Freeman.** Write your name, postoffice and State plainly. Address, **THE FREEMAN, Indianapolis, Ind.**

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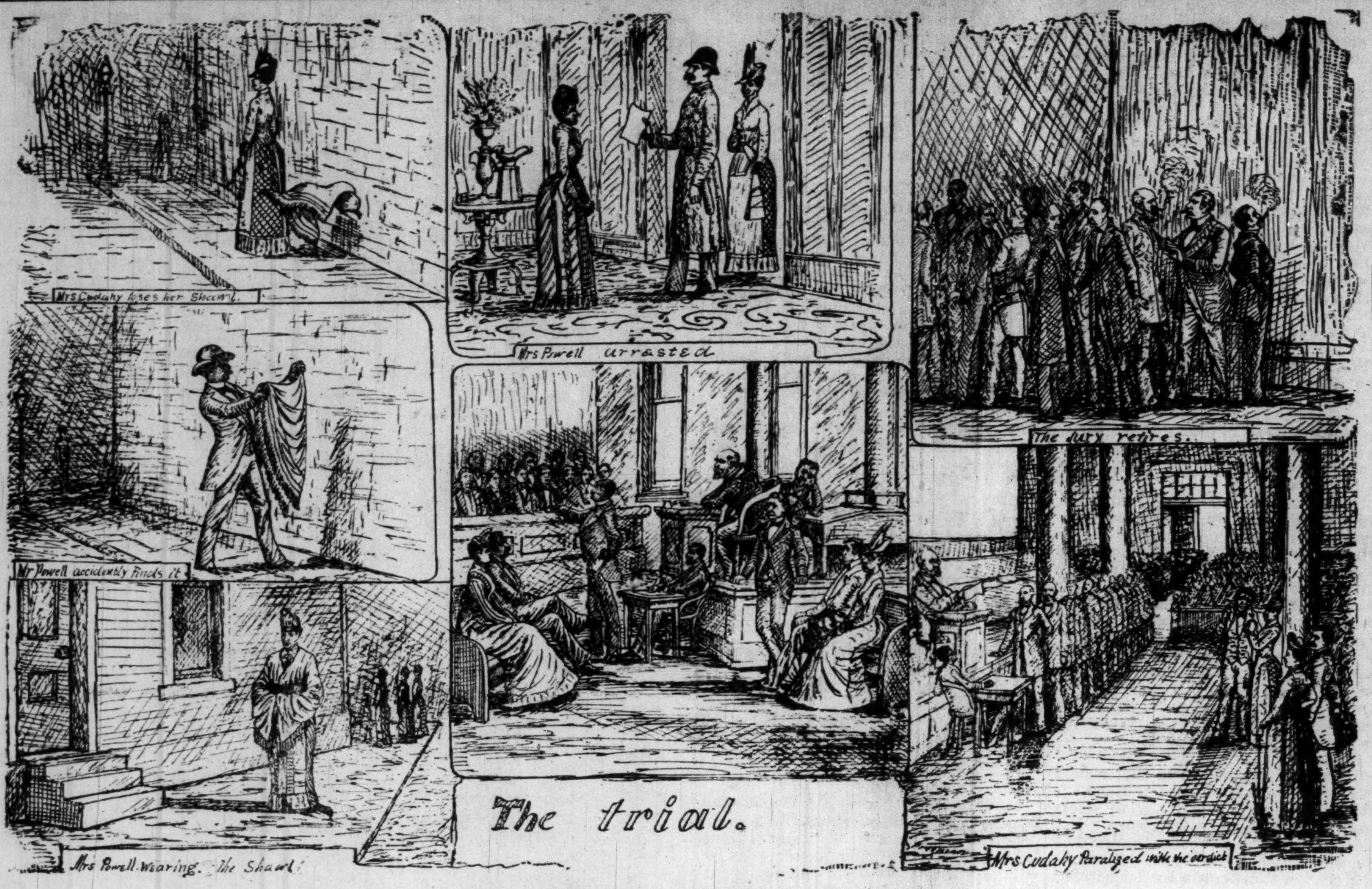
Mrs Cudahy loses her Shawl.
Mrs Powell urrasted
The Jury retires.
Mr Powell accidently finds it
The trial.
Mrs Powell Wearing. The Shawl
Mrs Cudahy Paralized with the verdict

THE STORY OF A SHAWL. [See page 4.]

LOCAL NEWS.

W. H. Robinson leaves for Kansas City next Tuesday.

Buy your spring hat at Seaton's Hat Store, 25 North Penn. street.

Mr. Henry Brunson is now headwaiter at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. H. D. Powers is custodian of the Wyandotte Apartment Home.

There will be baptism from the Blackford St., church, Sunday morning 6 o'clock, at Yellow Bridge.

The Harrison Literary winds up on the 22d, with the finest programme in the history of her existence.

The Quarterly collection of Blackford St., Church last Sunday was $55.38. Elder Washington presiding.

Mr. F. Fritz Keeble and Mrs. Anna Bailey were united in marriage last week at Tacoma, Washington Territory.

The Golden Leaf club will give a concert at the Blackford St., Church the 26th of this month. All are respectfully invited to be present.

The re-inauguration of General Harrison at New Bethel church, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings was in every way a grand success and a credit to our race.

Miss Mamie Lewis departed this life last Thursday and was buried from the 2d Baptist Church Sunday. She leaves a mother and many friends to mourn her loss.

Changed Hands.

The popular tonsorial parlor No. 23 S. Meridian St., formerly owned by Beach & Gardner, has changed hands, Beach and Gardner retiring and Mr. W. Jeffries, succeeding them. Mr. G. H. Goins, the handsome, has assumed the entire management.

A CRACK COLORED CLUB.

BASE BALL NOTES.

The West End ball team of St. Louis, has again entered the arena, and from the present outlook, bids fair to eclipse all records. This club, under the judicious management of H. H. Jones, has gained for itself an enviable reputation among the colored clubs of the country. It is composed of some of the best colored ball talent on the diamond, is and regarded as the coming colored team of the country. C. H. Thompson, the popular Secretary is doing much for the success of the club. We should like to hear from all the leading colored clubs of the United States. Address 2576 Warren street, St. Louis, Mo.

The regular league game opens in this city with great eclat next Wednesday.

If the present work of the Indianapolis team is any criterion, the standing of the club, at the end of the season, will be much higher than last year. With a strong and reliable batteries, as we now have, the Hoosiers will "make it warm" for the best of them.

The West End Club, of St. Louis, challenges any colored club in the country.

What has become of Al Jones' celebrated aggregation of ball tossers of Chicago?

The Pinchback Club, of New Orleans, La., has reorganized by electing Hon. P. B. S. Pinchback honarary President and G. Hopkins acting President; W. J. Turner, Secretary, and Capt. W. L. Cohen, Manager. The club is in tip-top condition and will soon make a tour North.

On the home grounds last Monday, Boyle, our crack pitcher, surprised himself and the natives by making two home runs.

Hines seems to be the target of every wild pitcher who comes here. He was hit on the head again by Freeman of the St, Louis Browns, this week.

FREDDY'S TIME TABLE.

Result of His Endeavor to Save Two Hours a Day by System.

Phrenological Journal.

My little nephew ran across, somewhere, a paragraph which said that anybody could save at least two hours of waste time a day by running on a time table. Freddy brought the chapter to me and asked what it meant. I told him. I advised him to make out a time table for himself and try running on it for a few days. He said he guessed he would. In a day or two he submitted the following to me:

A. M.

6:45 to 7—Gettin' up.

7 to 7:30—Bath and gettin' reddy for brekfus.

7:30 to 8—Brekfus.

8 to 8:20—Prairs.

8:20 to 8:30—Hard study.

8:30—Start for skool.

9—Get there (a feller must have some fun in life.)

9 to 10:30—Study and recite.

10:30 to 10:45—Reses (out to be longer)

10:45 to 12—Study and resite.

P. M.

12 to 12:15—Goin' fer lunch.

12:15 to 12:30—Eatin' it.

12:30 to 1—Sloos of things. Playin' ball mosly.

1 to 3—Skool agen. Tuffest part of the day.

3—Skool over. Fun begins.

3 to 6—Base ball. Bisickle ridin'. Goin' to walk (sumtimes with a girl). Slidin' and skatin' in winter. Flyin' kite. Botherin' the dog. Peanuts. Goin' to ride with pa. Shoppin' with ma (wen I don't kno it beforehand). Kandy. In bad weather readin'. Sloos of other things.

6 to 7—Dinner (grate time fer me).

7 to to 7:30—Nothin' much. Don't feel like it.

7:30 to 8—Pa gets dun with paper, an' reads sunthin alowd.

8—Sez I must begin to study.

8 to 8:15—Kickin' against it.

8:15 to 9:15—Study.

9:15—Gwup to bed.

9:15 to 9:35—Windin' Waterbury watch.

9:35 to 9:45—Undressin' and gettin' into bed.

8:45 till mornin'—Grate big times with dreems, but a feller can't stop to enjoy them much. Wonder wy dreems can' hang on more like reel things?

P. S.—Ware do thos' too extry 'ours cum in?

Carriage manufacturers are predicting that in the not distant future wooden wheels will be done away with and steel wheels substituted on account of the increasing scarcity of lumber for wheels.

Political Anncuncement!

Charles Miles is a candidate for City Clerk, subject to the decision of tde Republican nominating convontion.

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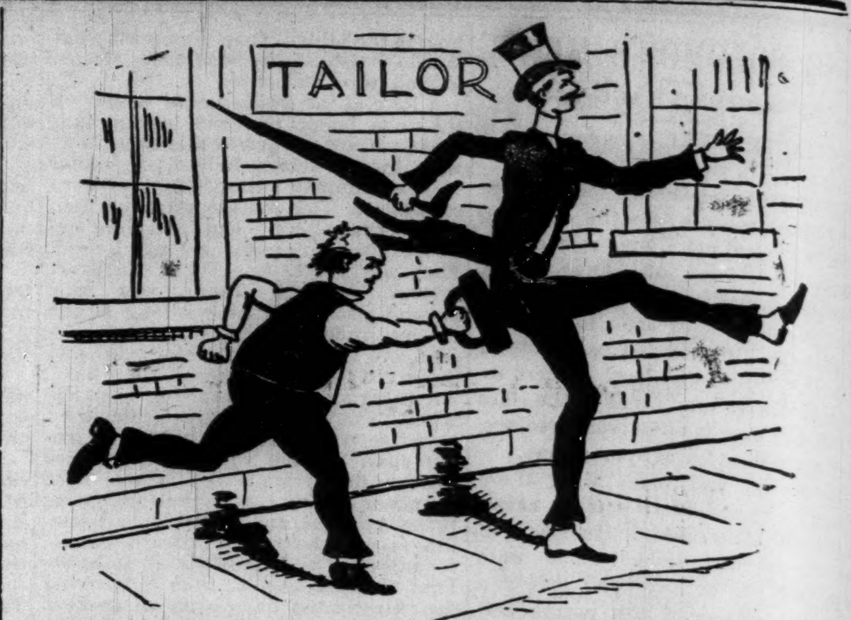

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Nothing Succeeds Like Success!

How to succeed? There is the rub. We will tell you how. You want to get along in the world, to get there is the height of your ambition, when you get there you will stay there. Now if you want to get there and stay, we will help you there. We would have done it long ago if you had taken our advice. You propose to be a gentlemon, but you dress like a tramp, lay aside that shabby suit of yours and as nature is now clothing herself in her spring verdure take her advice and clothe thyself in one of Nicoll's New Spring Suits and you will get there and stay there. **Suits to Order $20 to $50.**

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Price:

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Alfalfa Pills, ladies friend, 25c.
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To know the Eternal God made all in vain.

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We will give $1.000 to any worthy charitable institution in your state if a scientific analysis will prove that our medicines are not purely vegetable.

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New Satin Moires at 50 cents. New Surah Silks at 50 cents.
Cheap line of Beaded, Braided and Persian Dress Trimmings, and all at low prices.
Big Stock Wash Goods in Chambrays, Seersuckers, Zephyrs, Percales, Satines, etc. Yard wide Soft Finished Bleeched Muslins at 7 cents a yard.

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At our line of Beaded Capes. Cashmere Shawls, Plaid Shawls, Newport Scarfs, Fichus, Spring Jackets at prices not to be beat,

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Boys Wagons, Bicycles, Trycicles, and Velocipedes, Brackets, Rockers, Easels, Etc.

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